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## Pro-Slavery.

### *SOUTHERN AFFECTION FOR NEW ENGLAND.*

SAVANNAH, March 30, 1858.

*To the Editor of The South:*

WHENEVER the patriotism or devotion of the various sections of this country is brought on the tapis (and these are subjects which we must confess are not unfrequently *talked about*, particularly at times when the elective franchise is about to be exercised), we seldom fail to have a grand flourish about "the Pilgrim Fathers," "the dreary rock of Plymouth," and "those staunch hearts which defied the terrors of the wilderness in order to sustain constitutional rights." Bunker's Hill is hashed up in every imaginable style to suit patriotic palates; Lexington is emblazoned in the most vivid colours, and Yankee merits generally constitute a subject of undying laudation. The whole, mixed up in one highly seasoned "*olla podrida*," have constituted a hell-broth of such potency as to transfer to the land of wooden nutmegs all the prizes which exist in the great grab game of Federal benefices. True it is that there are some little matters which are not so pleasant to the ears of Northern patriots; such, for instance, as that distinterested conduct on the part of certain New England regiments during the Revolution, when they endeavoured so nobly to check the dissatisfaction of the army, arising from the non-payment of soldiers' pay; such, for instance, as the heroic conduct of the Hartford Convention, and some other memorable occasions of Yankee devotion. The modesty of conscious merit, which shrinks from praise, causes these subjects to be an unpleasant theme to our beloved brethren, and so they are bundled up and placed away, far out of sight, in some dark corner, where they remain, except when some sacrilegious hand drags them forth to herald to the nation the undying obligation the country is under to Yankee land, and to show how worthy the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are of national gratitude.

The last instance of the devotion of "the descendants" towards men who sustain constitutional rights at all hazards is to be found in their removal of Judge Loring from office for the offence of having conscientiously performed his duty—a removal from office on which the Pilgrim Fathers (remembering their own persecutions for conscience sake) must have looked down, smilingly, from the regions of bliss, and have joined in a united anthem of praise and joy for the virtues of their descendants. An insult to the Government and nation, which doubtless soothes the feelings of Benedict Arnold in the nether world, and which holds out to every patriotic Southern heart the cherished hope that the regeneration of the South will soon be attained by getting rid of a portion of the nation utterly dissimilar to us in feeling and sentiment, and who would be a burden and disgrace to any warm-hearted and generous people on the face of the earth.

My object in writing is to ask you, Mr. Editor, to propose, through the columns of your widely circulated paper, that the Legislatures of all the Southern States pass resolutions sustaining the course of Judge Loring, and expressing their contempt of the miserable vengeance taken by the Legislature of the mighty State of Massachusetts; and that a medal be sent to the upright servant of the law, not to reward him for doing his duty, but commemorative of the fact that, to her eternal disgrace, Massachusetts is the first State in this Confederacy whose Legislature, too cowardly to assert its fancied rights against the national government by secession or otherwise, wreaks its vengeance against the individual sworn to execute the law, and endeavours to set the interest of the man in opposition to his official duty. Let the Government also redress the insult by an attack on the most sensitive point that the people of Massachusetts are known to possess (perhaps the *only* sensitive point), namely, their pockets, and, by a closing of the national factories at Springfield and elsewhere, tear out the vitals of the State in the shape of a portion of her revenue.

Distinguished orators, like Mr. Everett, who lament the decline of devotion to our country, and groan in elaborate speeches anticipating the subversion of our Empire by telescopic views of what passes among "Border Ruffians," might do well by putting aside their glass and noticing what is passing around their neighbourhood. During the last six months, the illustrated press might have exhibited a couple of Massachusetts pictures that would be excellent mirrors—showing the people and their legislators: No. 1, a negro orator defiling the character of Washington to a crowded and orderly (perhaps a well pleased) meeting; and No. 2, the independence of the judiciary destroyed in the offering up of Judge Loring as a sacrifice to the ruling demon of Massachusetts.

SOUTHERNER.

### *NEW ENGLAND AND THE UNION.*

From The South.

No man familiar with the political history of the country will deny that New England has been the source of all the evils that have vexed the peace and disturbed the security of the Union. The colonies had scarcely achieved their independence when an outbreak in New England threatened the sacrifice of those liberties for which our forefathers endured so much of suffering and privation. Afterward, the Federalists of New England availed themselves of the embarrassments of the country, during the war of 1812, to concert measures for the overthrow of the Confederacy and a voluntary resumption of the yoke of British dominion. Since that time, every dispute from which the Republic suffered in its interests or its honour has been engendered of the corrupt intellect and morbid morality of New England. In the day of its greatest vigour there was a principle of evil in Puritanism from which, when it ripened into rottenness, was propagated all the isms that have since swarmed over the land. There is not a false religion, a false philosophy, a false literature or a false system of politics in the country of which the origin may not be traced to New England. Federalism, Abolitionism, Know-Nothingism, Unitarianism, Emersonianism—these and a thousand kindred impostures have all the same prolific womb, in which a brood of unborn devils are now struggling for development and delivery.

For so much of positive calamity New England has indemnified the country by nothing of real advantage to our interests or our honour. Her apparent prosperity is only the exponent of so much plunder, which she has realized by the agency of special bounties and protective tariffs. Talk of the energy of the New England character! It amounts to nothing more than the enterprise of an individual who combines the virtues of a miser with the genius of a foot-pad. Blockade the Treasury at Washington so that Yankee ingenuity even shall be baffled in the attempt to plunder the vaults of government—away with Protective Tariffs, Fishing Bounties and Navigation Laws—and New England, with its vaunted energy, will exhibit the decrepitude of starvation. It will shrivel up and pine away like any other parasite when abandoned to its own resources. Dean Swift's insect is an apt symbol of its productive power—"the thing which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing but flybane and cobweb." Consult the census, and the figures of arithmetic will convey a still stronger idea of the inherent dependence of the New England populace.

So much for New England in respect of material value. We know it claims to be the Attica of the Union; but where are the achievements of its genius? What one work has it produced, in these latter days, which will be read by future generations? The histories of Prescott are clever compilations, and will survive until they are superseded by some shorter and easier agency of information in the same department. The poetry of Longfellow is the feeble and almost inaudible articulation of a sycophantic spirit of imitation—without originality, without vigour, without any excellence beyond the attainment of laborious mediocrity. The philosophy of Emerson is an awkward affectation of German transcendentalism, and the theology of Parker the phrenzied utterance of an infernally inspired intellect. These are the representative men of New England Literature. Hawthorne spurned their association, and employed the best energies of his incomparable genius in discrediting the source of New England civilization. Webster belongs not to their class, but by a life-long connection with other communities was enlarged and liberalized to the proportions of a genuine man. His politics only were the property of New England; for he took them as a lawyer receives his brief, in consideration of an adequate fee. His mind was developed under the influences of the heroic age, and his nature was expanded by contact with the spirit of the South. In no sense, except as a statesman, was he a product of New England bigotry and hypocrisy.

If it be that the Union suffers so much and gains so little from the association with New England, why not adopt the maxim of Scripture and lop off the offending member? It is the best policy to cut out the cancer before the system is infected by the poison.

We cannot doubt but the separation would be equally agreeable to both parties. New England is British *intus et in cute*—as much so, in fact, as the adjacent province of Canada. Boston is a suburb of London. Charles Sumner is lacquey to the Earl of Shaftesbury. The *North American Review* is a reprint of *Westminster* and the *Edinburgh*. New England women get their fashions from Regent street. New England authors sell their copyrights to British publishers, and appear in their own country under the patronage of an alien aristocracy. New England Abolitionism is an importation of Exeter Hall philanthropy and Clapham cant. In short, New England is a British Colony, in all except the arbitrary distinctions of political classification.

Now, identity of interest, sympathy of feeling, and homogeneity of character are indispensable conditions of political confederation. In each and all these particulars, New England stands apart from the rest of the Republic. It is an alien and inimical element in the Union. It is British by principle, instinct and habit. Why, then, coerce it into an association which is abhorrent to its interests and its character?

The expulsion of New England from the Confederacy may be accomplished with very little ceremony. In fact, it is already out of the Union. Every New England State refuses obedience to the Federal Constitution. Every New England State has nullified the Fugitive Slave law. Massachusetts has just deposed a Judge because of his fidelity to the authority of the United States. And these things are done in the green tree. But let another war be waged with Great Britain and New England will signalize its treason by some more decisive demonstration than blue lights and Hartford Conventions. To effect the desirable separation, it is only necessary that Congress shall declare a divorce *a vinculo* from the faithless spouse who has taken up with a British paramour.

No doubt Great Britain will be delighted to take New England to her embrace, for the accession will round off her North American possessions in a manner to satisfy both the political and military exigencies of the empire. The United States Government may avail itself of this desire on the part of Great Britain for a connection with New England, to relieve the Confederacy, on advantageous terms, of an obnoxious and infectious member. Here is the lovely island of Jamaica, gemming the skirt of our Southern border, for which we may exchange the bleak and sterile provinces of New England. Under American rule the lapse of a few years would suffice to reclaim Jamaica from the ruin inflicted upon it by the insane act of a mock philanthropy, and to restore all its original wealth and beauty. It is already stocked with negroes, and nothing is wanting but the sway of a master to convert them into useful instruments of civilization.

New England for Jamaica; will nobody propose the exchange?

## Selections.

### *THE FRENCH IMMIGRATION SCHEME.*

HORRORS OF THE "MIDDLE PASSAGE" REVIVED.

From The London Morning Post, March 8.

DURING the brief Parliamentary session which preceded the Christmas holidays, the Earl of Shaftesbury put a question to the Earl of Clarendon, with a view to ascertain whether the French Government had taken any steps to stop the exportation of so-called free immigrants from Africa. The reply of the noble lord was not satisfactory. He could only hold out hopes that the French Government would relinquish the attempt, and give an assurance that every effort should be made by that of her Majesty to induce it to do so. On that occasion, the Earl of Derby expressed a very strong opinion on the nature of this immigration scheme, which was echoed in equally energetic language by Earl Grey, and by other members of the House of Peers. The veteran Abolitionist, Lord Brougham, was absent; but early in the preceding session he had already denounced the project as nothing but the slave trade in disguise, and the Earl of Clarendon, going even a step further, subsequently, and in the presence of a numerous deputation which presented him with an address on the subject, stigmatized it "as the slave trade unmitigated and undisguised." At intervals during the last eight or nine months the question has been discussed in the leading journals, metropolitan and provincial, which, with one remarkable exception, have unanimously condemned the French scheme.

Vigorous efforts have been made by interested parties in this country, and, we have reason to believe, are still being made, to obtain the adoption of a similar mode of procuring labourers for our West India Colonies. That they will prove unsuccessful may be confidently predicted. Wherefore, let the following awful narrative demonstrate.

On the 29th of November last, a small steamer of 383 tons, and 80 horse power, constructed to sail with or without steam, fully armed and equipped for war, carrying a crew of 32 men, and displaying the French flag, might have been seen putting out from Loango, on the western coast of Africa, and creeping along the shore towards Cabenda. Her name was the Stella. A small fleet of French men-of-war was awaiting her arrival at that port. It consisted of four vessels, namely, La Tourmente, La Canonière, the corvette La Zélie, and La Jeanne d'Arc, the whole division being under the command of M. Prote, captain of the latter vessel. The Stella had lost its captain, by name Oddo, at Loango, where it seems he had taken 123 Africans on board, and the command had therefore devolved on her first mate, a native of Brittany, named Bernard. He found no papers, no instructions, no plans, no manifest to guide his movements; but he knew that he had to go to Cabenda; that the Stella had been chartered by Messrs. Regis and Co., of Marseilles; that the object of her visit to the coast was to take in "African immigrants"; that the Imperial Government had sanctioned the transaction; and that all he had to do was to obtain a full cargo and convey the people to Guadaloupe, one of the French West India Colonies. He probably knew, too, that there was a squadron of British cruisers somewhere along the coast, and may have had misgivings as to the fate of his vessel, her crew, and her passengers in the hold, were the Stella challenged to produce her papers. But the presence of the French squadron, under such circumstances, doubtless encouraged him to proceed with what was evidently a desperate enterprise. He found the Stella short of coals, short of water, and short of provisions, and the small quantity on board of bad quality. The Breton, however, is proverbially determined and obstinate; and Capt. Bernard reached Cabenda in the course of a few hours. On the 30th he took on board six hundred and nine "immigrants," all of them more or less sickly. On the 1st of December, the agent of the Imperial Government, Commodore Prote, came on board, and entered into "contracts for service" with the "immigrants." Immediately after, the Stella weighed anchor for Longuebonne, towing La Canonière; the Commodore having given orders that the latter was to "protect the embarkation of the complement" of the Stella's cargo. At Longuebonne, and on a signal being given—a signal preconcerted between those on board and those on shore—the Government agent obtained and shipped eighty-seven more "immigrants." On the 4th of December the Stella left Longuebonne, having on board a cargo of nine hundred and fifty Africans, male and female, most of them sickly, and none older than twenty-five, but ranging from the ages of eighteen to twenty. The crew, as already stated, numbered thirty-two, making a grand total of nine hundred and eighty two human beings on board a steamer of three hundred and eighty-three tons, though one account sets her at six hundred. Let our readers but bear in mind how much after-cabin passengers suffer from the great heat of the machinery on board even the largest steamers, and they may form a faint idea of the torments these nine hundred and fifty wretched Africans, crammed into the hold of the Stella, must have endured. For thirty days the Stella—which might not inappropriately be named the "Star of Misfortune"—pursued her weary way across the waste of waters, and nearly every alternate hour during that ghastly voyage, the corpse of a human being was committed to the deep. Not with the solemn ceremonies characteristic of Christian burials, but without rite or prayer, or tear of regret, were those victims of cupidity consigned to the bottomless ocean; cast forth like so much carrion, to be devoured by the obscene monsters that people its depths, there to lie till they shall arise, at the sound of the last trump, to bear a terrible testimony against their murderers. At length, that is on the 3d of January of the present year, the Stella and her putrid cargo reached Basse-terre, Guadaloupe, and landed four hundred and ninety-seven males, and one hundred and fifty females; the miserable remnant of the nine hundred and fifty people kidnapped from their African homes. One-third had passed to rest. Asphyxia, dysentery, fever, and exhaustion from fatigue and want of food, had done their office.

But all was not yet over. These six hundred and forty-seven wretched beings, the majority perfectly naked, a few of the females only being slightly covered, and none sufficiently so to save decency, were landed at Basse-terre, a remote point of the island of Guadaloupe. These were Captain Bernard's instructions from Commodore Prote, who appears to have been ignorant of a certain previous arrangement with the firm of Labens, Collin, and Co., of Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadaloupe, and of a local ordinance, signed Bonfils, which designated Pointe-à-Pitre as the only authorized port for the disembarkation of "immigrants." No arrangements had been made at Basse-terre for the reception of what our correspondents style "the merchandise." The place offered not the smallest accommodation. It was a mere quagmire, a mud-hole, and the poor unfortunates who had survived the horrors of the middle passage were now crowded together in a pen, puddling in mire and filth like cattle at a market. More than even this, the water of Basse-terre possesses chemical properties notoriously fatal to persons suffering from dysentery, and no other was obtainable. The place itself, too, was the most remote from Pointe-à-Pitre, in the immediate neighbourhood of which resided the planters to whom the "immigrants" had been allotted. Consequently, the former had to convey their "lots" across the island, in the condition in which they were, without loss of time, and in the best way they could. Some were driven overland, others were crowded on board of small coasters, under the direction of the firm of MM. Monnerot and Fillet, of La Moule. Amongst these coasters was a small schooner called La Nouvelle Active, on board of which one hundred and five Africans were crowded; eighty-two in the hold, and twenty-three—for want of more room there—on deck. She left part of [illegible] evening, but, in running down the creek called La Canal des Saintes, she struck upon some rocks, the position of which was well known, and foundered. The eighty-two Africans in the hold were drowned. Only the twenty-three on deck escaped—with the crew. The local Government at once prohibited the newspapers from publishing any account of the catastrophe, and the colony would have remained ignorant of it had not the corpses of the victims been thrown upon the shore by the waves, to tell the ghastly tale to the terrified population. Various rumours are current as to the cause of the calamity. Some allege that the crew—composed chiefly of emancipated slaves—were averse to the task assigned them of conveying these people to the plantations, and, as a mute protest against the transaction, conspired to disobey their captain's instructions. On the other hand the captain is accused of negligence. Meanwhile, the crew have been apprehended and cast into prison, and at the date of our advices were awaiting their trial.

The Stella was still at Pointe-à-Pitre, and it was not known when she would leave. Her European crew had refused to return to Africa, and demanded to be landed in the colony, so humiliated were they reported to feel in consequence of the population having nick-named them "slaver-sailors."

The original letters, from which we have derived the foregoing particulars, are in our possession. They are dated the 26th and 27th of January last, and are signed by several highly respectable and perfectly trustworthy inhabitants of the colony whence they are dated. The dreadful fact that, out of nine hundred and fifty Africans shipped on the West coast, only two hundred and twenty-one reached their ultimate destination on the French plantations, tells its own terrible tale. We would, however, further direct the attention of our readers to the nature of the transaction on the coast. The "contracts," as they are called, were entered into with the immigrants after they were safe on board the Stella; that is, were in the power of their owners. Previous arrangements had been made for obtaining them. They were packed together in the hold, not as passengers, but as slaves usually are. The majority were sickly, because the Spanish and Portuguese had outbidden the French speculators and carried off the strong and the "likely." Can any doubt exist that—save in name—the expedition was literally a slave-trading one?

It is said that the crew of the Stella boasted at Guadaloupe of having carried off their cargo under the very guns of an English cruiser. The local Government, however, has taken every possible precaution to suppress all evidence of the transaction. The official report states that six hundred and forty-seven men and women were landed, but observes silence respecting the number shipped on the coast, and the rate of mortality during the passage. The captain—who attributes it to dysentery—admits it to have been "about six a day during thirty days." Again, the report specifies the numbers taken on board at Cabenda and Longuebonne, but says not a word of the "lot" shipped at Loango, previous to the decease of Captain Oddo. But admitting the captain's approximate rate of mortality to be correct, on the Government's own showing, eight hundred and twenty-seven must have left the two former places on board the Stella. Private inquiry has elicited the remainder of the information respecting the number taken on board at Loango, which is stated to have been one hundred and twenty-three; or a grand total of nine hundred and fifty. The mortality would, therefore, seem to have been more than ten per day, or at the rate, on the whole, of nearly thirty-two per cent.

For the present, we leave this terrible recital to produce its natural effect. We cannot doubt but some member of Parliament will bring the whole affair prominently before the country, and that the London Anti-Slavery Society will also do its duty.

[The Broad street Anti-Slavery Committee, alluded to above, has not been able to bring *anything* very prominently before the country since its false and unretracted step in 1840. But it will doubtless send two friends with a note over to Downing street, and two more with a message for Louis Bonaparte, over to Maurice's Hotel, and *The Reporter* will tell how politely they were received. The *Daily News* and Lord Brougham have been busy the last nine months about this; but the Broad street Committee are too much hampered with heresy-hunting to "do their duty."—*Ed. Standard.*]

### *SENATOR WILSON'S VINDICATION OF FREE LABOUR.*

[The Speech of HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, in the United States Senate, in reply to Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, and in vindication of Free Labour and Free Labourers, is one of the most masterly productions, for its purpose, to which the Kansas debate gave rise; and is as interesting as it is powerful. It is, moreover, full of valuable statistics and citations on various points, and deserves a wide circulation. We present a few extracts.]

BUT the Senator, filled with magnificent visions of Southern power, crowns cotton "king," and tells us that if they should stop supplying cotton for three years, "England would topple headlong, and carry the whole civilized world with her, save the South"! What presumption! The South—which owns lands and slaves, the price fluctuating with the production, use and price of cotton, having no other resource or means of support—would go harmless; while the great commercial centres of the world, with the vast accumulations of capital, the products of ages of accumulation, with varied pursuits and skilled industry, would "topple" to their fall! Sir, I suppose the coffee-planters of Brazil, the tea-growers of the Celestial Empire, and the wheat-growers on the shores of the Black Sea and on the banks of the Don and the Volga, indulge in the same magnificent illusions. I would remind the Senator that the commercial world is not governed by the cotton-planters of the South, the coffee-planters of Brazil, the tea-growers of China, nor the wheat-producers of Eastern Europe. I tell the Senator that England, France, Germany, Western Europe, and the Northern States of this Union, are the commercial, manufacturing, business and monetary centres of the world; that their merchants, manufacturers and capitalists grasp the globe; that cotton and sugar, and tea and coffee, and wheat, and the spices of the isles of the Oriental seas, are grown for them. Sir, the cotton-planters of the South are simply their agents, and they perform their task under a necessity quite as great as their own slaves perform theirs under the taskmaster's eye. I would remind the Senator that the free States, in 1850, produced $850,000,000 of manufactures, and that only $52,000,000 of that vast production—only about one-seventeenth part of it—was made up of cotton. Our manufactures and mechanic arts now must exceed twelve hundred million dollars, and cotton does not make up more than seventy million dollars. Does the Senator think the free States would "topple" down if they should lose one-seventeenth part of their productive industry?

The productive industry of Massachusetts, a State that manufactures more than one-third of all the cotton manufactured in the country, was, in 1855, $350,000,000; only $26,000,000, one-thirteenth part of it, was cotton. Does the Senator believe that a State which has a productive industry of $350,000,000, about $280 per head for each person, would perish if she should lose $26,000,000 of that vast production?

It is no matter of surprise that gentlemen who live away off on cross-roads where cotton blooms should come to believe that cotton rules the world; but a few months' association with the great world would cure that delusion. "You are our factors!" exclaims the Senator. "You bring and carry for us. Suppose we were to discharge you? Suppose we were to take our business out of your hands, we should consign you to anarchy and poverty!" Sir, suppose, when the Senator returns from this chamber to the cotton-fields, his slaves should, in their simplicity, say to him, "Massa, you only sell de cotton; we plants; we hoes; we picks de cotton! 'Spose we discharge you, Massa!" The unsophisticated "mud-sills" would be quite as reasonable as is the Senator. The Senator seems to think that the cotton-planters hold us in the hollow of their hands; if they shake them, we tremble; if they close them, we perish.

But the Senator from South Carolina, after crowning cotton as king, with power to bring England and all the civilized world "toppling" down into the yawning gulfs of bankruptcy and ruin, complacently tells the Senate and the trembling subjects of his cotton king that "the greatest strength of the South arises from the harmony of her political and social institutions"; that "her forms of society are the best in the world"; that "she has an extent of political freedom, combined with entire security, seen nowhere on earth." The South, he tells us, "is satisfied, harmonious, and prosperous," and he asks us if we "have heard that the ghosts of Mendoza and Torquemada are stalking in the streets of our great cities; that the inquisition is at hand, and that there are fearful rumours of consultations for vigilance committees?" Sir, this self-complacency is sublime! No son of the Celestial Empire can approach the Senator in self-complacency. That "society the best in the world" where more than three millions of beings, created in the image of God, are held as chattels—sunk from the lofty level of humanity, down to the abject condition of unreasoning beasts of burden! That "society the best in the world" where are manacles, chains and whips, auction-blocks, prisons, bloodhounds, scourgings, lynchings and burnings, laws to torture the body, shrivel the mind and debase the soul; where labour is dishonoured and labourers despised! "Political freedom" in a land where woman is imprisoned for teaching little children to read God's Holy Word; where professors are deposed and banished for opposing the extension of slavery; where public men are exiled for quoting in a Convention the words of Jefferson; where voters are mobbed for appearing to vote for free territory; and where booksellers are driven from the country for selling a copy of that masterly work of genius, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"! A land of "certain security," where patrols, costing, as in Old Virginia, more than is expended to educate her poor children, stalk the country to catch the faintest murmur of discontent; where the bay of the bloodhound never ceases; where but little more than one year ago rose the startling cries of insurrection; and where men, some of them owned by a member of this body, were scourged and murdered for suspected insurrection! "Political freedom" and "certain security" in a land which demands that seventeen millions of freemen shall stand guard to seize and carry back fleeing bondmen!

The Senator from South Carolina exclaims, "The man who lives by daily labour, your whole class of manual labourers are essentially slaves—they feel galled by their degradation." What a sentiment is this to hear uttered in the councils of this democratic Republic! The Senator's political associates, who listen to these words which brand hundreds of thousands of the men they represent in the free States and hundreds of their neighbours and personal friends as slaves, have found no words to repel or rebuke this language. This language of scorn and contempt is addressed to Senators who were not nursed by a slave; whose lot it was to toil with their own hands—to eat bread, not by the sweat of another's brow, but by their own.

Sir, I am the son of a "hireling manual labourer," who, with the frosts of seventy winters on his brow, "lives by daily labour." I too have lived by daily labour. I too have been "a hireling manual labourer." Poverty cast its dark and chilling shadow over the home of my childhood, and want was there sometimes—an unbidden guest. At the age of ten years—to aid him who gave me being in keeping the gaunt spectre from the hearth of the mother who bore me—I left the home of my boyhood and went to earn my bread by "daily labour." Many a weary mile have I travelled,

"To beg a brother of the earth
To give me leave to toil."

Sir, I have toiled as a "hireling manual labourer" in the field and in the workshop; and I tell the Senator from South Carolina that I never "felt galled by my degradation." No, sir—never! Perhaps the Senator who represents that "other class which leads progress, and civilization, and refinement," will ascribe this to obtuseness of intellect and blunted sensibilities of the heart. Sir, I was conscious of my manhood; I was the peer of my employer; I knew that the laws and institutions of my native and adopted States threw over him and over me alike the panoply of equality; I knew, too, that the world was before me, that its wealth, its garnered treasures of knowledge, its honours, the coveted prizes of life, were within the grasp of a brave heart, and a tireless hand, and I accepted the responsibilities of my position, all unconscious that I was a "slave." I have employed others, hundreds of "hireling manual labourers." Some of them possessed, and now possess, more property than I ever owned; some of them were better educated than myself—yes, sir, better educated and better read, too, than some Senators on this floor; and many of them, in moral excellence and purity of character, I could not but feel, were my superiors. I have occupied, Mr. President, for more than thirty years, the relation of employer and employed; and while I never "felt galled by my degradation" in the one case, in the other I was never conscious that my "hireling labourers" were my inferiors. That man is a "snob" who boasts of being a "hireling labourer"; that man is a "snob" who feels any inferiority to any man because he is a "hireling labourer," or who assumes any superiority over others because he is an employer. Honest labour is honourable; and the man who is ashamed that he is or was a "hireling labourer" has not manhood enough to "feel galled by his degradation."

Having occupied, Mr. President, the relation of either employed or employer for the third of a century; having lived in a Commonwealth where the "hireling class of manual labourers" are "the depositories of political power"; having associated with this class in all the relations of life; I tell the Senator from South Carolina, and the class he represents, that he libels, grossly libels, them, when he declares that they are "essentially slaves"! There can be found nowhere in America a class of men more proudly conscious or tenacious of their rights. Friend or foe has ever found them

"A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none."

The Senator tells us, Mr. President, that their slaves are "well compensated"! South Carolina slaves "well compensated"! Why, sir, the Senator himself, in a speech made at home, for home consumption, entered into an estimate to show that a field hand could be supported for from "eighteen to nineteen dollars per annum" on the rice and cotton plantations. He states the quantity of corn and bacon and salt necessary to support the "well compensated" slave. And this man, supported by eighteen dollars per annum, with the privilege of being flogged at discretion, and having his wife and children sold from him at the necessity or will of his master, the Senator from South Carolina informs the Senate of the United States, is "well compensated"! Sir, there is not a poor house in the free States where there would not be a rebellion in three days if the inmates were compelled to subsist on the quantity and quality of the food the Senator estimates as "ample compensation" for the labour of a slave in South Carolina.

### *THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY.*

WITH the commencement of the last year the *Quarterly Review* of our denomination changed hands. Its place of publication was changed and the circulars of the publishers announced its new position. It was to be so made up as to suit the demands of a Southern market; therefore upon the question of American slavery it was to be dumb. No doubt the clergy and lay brethren of the Church South were highly gratified with the prospect. They could feel that henceforth they might take up the *Quarterly* of the denomination without the fear and trembling which they must experience when the *Bibliotheca Sacra* or the *New Englander* is thrust before them (if it be possible that so incendiary a document as the latter ever gets in the way of a slaveholder) that something may be said about their divine institution not calculated to aid them in their work of self-deception and conscience-stifling. They could now feel it to be a safe investment of their money and one not calculated to stimulate the peripatetic propensities of their African live stock. No doubt, too, the publishers have reaped material benefit from the operation. The patronage of the worshipping South is doubtless of considerable value, and so high a bid for it as that offered by the new publishers would not be neglected.

Thus far the change seems in a high degree satisfactory. But where is the denomination? What is the mind of that portion of the Baptist Christian community which does not cherish the darling sin? which remembers the principles that entered into the founding of the New England Republics and those, still more advanced, which are at the foundation of our own denominational freedom? which remembers the boldness with which Prophets and Apostles told the people what God thought of their sins? Are we all satisfied? A great subject is agitating our whole Republic; a question involving the moral destiny and the spiritual welfare of millions of our race in our own land, as well as others; the very foundation of our State is being shaken by it; the moral power of the whole people is divided and the portions of it arrayed against each other; the political and religious freedom of our whole land hanging upon the issue; principles for whose defence oceans of blood have been poured out are again attacked; the clash of arms is already heard and an internecine war is threatening us; but upon this question, a publication, the leading one, claiming to represent that body of men who have ever stood foremost for political and religious freedom, has no opinion! This great question it ignores.

Every such question should be examined from the Christian stand-point. Such a revolution as is now in progress in our country must affect the interests of Christ's kingdom. Besides, Christian men are obliged to act in it; it is their duty to do so. Christians are, it is true, in a high sense, not of the world; but they are in the world and from the world, and by the changes and condition of the world are largely affected. Shall they not, then, investigate these changes and this condition? Shall not the bearing of the gospel upon the action of Christians in matters so important be discussed by a publication which is the organ of a Christian denomination? In short, is it not high time that, as a denomination, we have a Quarterly which shall boldly utter the sentiments of our membership upon every great moral question, whether it be to condemn the besetting sins of North, East, South or West; whether the sin be avarice, intemperance, slavery or polygamy?—G.—*Portland (Me.) Zion's Advocate.*

### *NORTHERN LABOURERS.*

MANY Senators have complained of the Senator from South Carolina for his denunciations of the labourers of the North as "white slaves," and the "mud-sills of society." I, sir, am glad that the Senator has spoken thus. It may have the effect of arousing in the workingmen that spirit which has been lying dormant for centuries. It may also have the effect of arousing the two hundred thousand men, with pure white skins, in South Carolina, who are now degraded and despised by thirty thousand aristocratic slaveholders. It may teach them to demand what is the power

"Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to them unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear their own."

I suppose, sir, the Senator from South Carolina did not intend to be personal, in his remarks, to any of his peers upon this floor. If I had thought so, I would have noticed them at the time. I am, sir, with one exception, the youngest in years of the Senators upon this floor. It is not long since I served an apprenticeship of five years at one of the most labourious mechanical trades pursued by man—a trade that, from its nature, devotes its follower to thought, but debars him from conversation. I would not have alluded to this if it were not for the remarks of the Senator from South Carolina; and the thousands who know that I am the son of an artisan, and have been a mechanic, would feel disappointed in me if I did not reply to him. I am not proud of this. I am sorry 'tis true. I would that I could have enjoyed the pleasures of life in my boyhood's days, but they were denied to me. I say this with pain. I have not the admiration for the men of the class from whence I sprung that might be expected; *they submit too tamely to oppression, and are too prone to neglect their rights and duties as citizens.* But, sir, the class of society to whose toil I was born, under our form of government will control the destinies of this nation. If I were inclined to forget my connection with them, or to deny that I sprung from them, this chamber would not be the place in which I could do either. While I hold a seat here, I have but to look at the beautiful capitals adorning the pilasters that support this roof to be reminded of my father's talent, and to see his handiwork.

I left the scenes of my youth and manhood for the "far west," because I was tired of the struggles and the jealousies of men of my class, who could not understand why one of their fellows should seek to elevate his condition above the common level. I made my new abode among strangers where labour is honoured. I had left without regret; *there remained no tie of blood to bind me to any being in existence.* If I fell in the struggle for reputation and fortune, there was no relative on earth to mourn my fall. The people of California elevated me to the highest office within their gift. My election was not the result of an *accident*. For years I had to struggle, often seeing the goal of ambition within my reach; it was again and again taken from me by the aid of men of my own class. I had not only them to contend with, but almost the entire partisan press of my State was subsidized by government money and patronage to oppose my election. I sincerely hope, sir, the time will come when such speeches as that from the Senator from South Carolina will be considered a lesson to the labourers of the nation.—*Speech of Senator Broderick, of California.*

### *THE CASE OF REV. J. D. LONG.*

From Zion's Herald.

DR. HAVEN—*Dear Brother:* Your readers may be desirous of learning the action of our (Philadelphia) Conference on the case of Rev. J. D. Long, and on the slavery question generally. The case of Bro. Long was reached on the list of the superannuated at an early stage of the Conference.

Upon his name being called, Dr. Quigley arose and stated that he had charges to prefer against Bro. Long, which were handed to the Secretary and read. The charges and specifications, with the pages of the book noted, were read, and with these your readers are all familiar. The bill of professed extracts, consisting of distorted and disjointed sentences furnished Bro. Long upon his application to the prosecutor for more definite information, and which were published in *The Herald*, were not read; but a number of pages were noted as excepted to in the specifications which had never before been furnished the defendant, and which were quite new.

Upon their reading, the question occurred on their entertainment by the Conference, when a bill of exceptions was placed in the hands of the Secretary, signed by James Cunningham and Dr. Castle, to which was appended a resolution that the charges, for the several reasons given, "be not entertained."

Dr. Quigley argued against the bill of exceptions, and Bro. Long, obtaining the floor, declared himself ready to proceed to trial, deploring the action taken by his friend, Bro. Cunningham, and urging the members of the Conference to vote down the bill of exceptions, because he was earnestly solicitous of meeting the issues depending. The most of the anti-slavery men and personal friends of Bro. Long were desirous of having the charges entertained, and were confident of his triumph on the testimony of those who were on hand, even from slaveholding territory, to duplicate his facts. Mr. Long and many others, friends of progress and of any movement which would result in detaching slavery from the Church, voted with a few of the other side to bring on the case; but the large majority of those who voted against entertaining the charge were never suspected of having sympathy for abolition. Mr. Cunningham, out of regard to the character of the Conference, which he thought would be seriously damaged, brought in his bill of exceptions, against the wishes of many of those holding his views on the subject of slavery. The first bill of exceptions was substituted by a second, worded a little differently, and read as follows:

"Whereas the charges preferred by T. J. Quigley against J. D. Long are unusual in form, indefinite in expression, and not personal as it regards the interests supposed to be involved in the complaints; and

Whereas it is unseemly and unjust for the Conference to entertain a complaint of wrongs done to itself, and then proceed to hear and judge of the same; and

Whereas, this Conference, as a Conference, is not, and cannot be, the guardian of the people of Maryland and Delaware; and

Whereas it is unseemly and unjust for those members of the Conference, who have laboured in Maryland and Delaware, to entertain complaints of wrong doing done to themselves, and then proceed to hear and judge of the same; and

Whereas no member of the Methodist Episcopal Church has preferred to this Conference, in his own proper name, any charge against J. D. Long of wrong or injury done to himself or herself personally; and

Whereas this Conference, as a Conference, is not, and cannot be, the guardian of the interests and reputation of the coloured people of Maryland and Delaware; therefore,

Resolved, That the charges preferred by T. J. Quigley against J. D. Long be not entertained.

(Signed) J. CUNNINGHAM,
JOSEPH CASTLE.

Dr. Durbin earnestly urged the adoption of the substitute, strongly presenting the points suggested in the paper.

Dr. Hodgson offered a paper, which was, finally, after considerable debate, adopted by the Conference. It reads as follows:

Whereas a member of this Conference, the Rev. John D. Long, has written and caused to be published a book, which, in the estimation of many, does great injustice to the ministers and members of our Church in Delaware and Maryland; and whereas charges have been presented against him before this body, in relation to said book; and whereas the subject upon which it treats is one the agitation of which, beyond the strict necessity of the case, is undesirable and pernicious; and whereas, owing to indefiniteness in the specifications and other difficulties in the way of a thorough investigation of the merits of the book, apparently insuperable, it is inexpedient for the Conference to entertain the charges; therefore,

Resolved, That it would be judicious to select some other way of refuting and redressing the alleged misrepresentations and grievances.

(Signed) F. HODGSON,
JOSEPH MASON.

The character of Bro. Long was passed by a large majority. A paper was offered by Dr. Cooper, and one also by J. Cunningham—the former asking for a commission to inquire into the alleged facts of the book as the instrumentality of future Conference action against Bro. Long or his book; the latter appointing a commission to inquire into the administration on the subject of slavery—and these papers were given into the hands of a committee, of which Dr. Durbin was chairman, to report. The report of that committee, in its first resolution, sought the appointment of a commission of members of this body to examine into the administration of discipline in reference to slavery. The last gave them power also to inquire into the alleged truthfulness of any publications on the subject of slavery within our bounds. Dr. Quigley denounced the

is flatly contradicted by his own previous action. Let Mr. Cass consider and explain this item also.

Again, a passport, precisely similar to that given to Mr. Brown during Mr. Lawrence's term of office, was granted by Mr. Dallas to Mr. Putman, of Salem, Mass., a coloured citizen. The precise date of this document we cannot now state, not having the passport before us, though we can obtain it, but it was during the Administration of Franklin Pierce. This is item number five, to refresh the memory of Lewis Cass. These, it would seem, are quite enough to convict Mr. Cass of falsehood or of the grossest ignorance; but we have one more instance, which we wish especially noted. In 1854, a passport was granted to John Remond, a coloured citizen of Salem, Massachusetts, by Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of State under Franklin Pierce; Mr. Remond has this passport in his possession, and any person can see it who desires to be further convinced of Mr. Cass's falsehood or blundering. This is item number six for Mr. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State under James Buchanan, and we hope that we have not made so much "noise and confusion" about the matter that the venerable and portly Secretary will not be able to understand us, or to explain his strange conduct! How it is possible for Mr. Cass to be ignorant of the facts in relation to this subject, we cannot conceive; and how he can, if he knows the facts, have the brazen effrontery to make such a false assertion as he has made in his letter to Senator Wilson, "bates Bannagher," as an Irishman would say, or we may even say it distances Buchanan and Lecompton impudence and falsehood.

The pains which Mr. Cass takes to deny that the Dred Scott decision has had any influence to change the practice of the Government only proves all the more that such is the fact. The record is so clearly against the Secretary and the Administration that it would have been far more decent and respectable in them to have acknowledged the truth, that they have changed the policy and practice of the Government and resolved that coloured men shall not be recognised in any manner as citizens of the United States, and that they have determined to degrade and oppress coloured men in every possible mode. We have no room here for the reflections that naturally suggest themselves, nor have we the disposition to indulge in them; the naked record of the fact is enough to convict the Buchanan Administration of oppression and falsehood, and to make it abhorred by every man who loves justice, humanity and truth. To our mind the most disgraceful feature of the Dred Scott decision is that which takes away from American citizens travelling in foreign countries that shield of natural protection which it should be our pride and glory always to extend over the humblest of our citizens, without regard to locality, condition or colour. Let it stand as a brand of shame upon the brow of this Administration that they deny this right to a class of our citizens *solely on account of the colour of their skin*, and that they attempt to excuse their pusillanimity and tyranny by a most unblushing falsehood.

## *THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.*

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM MRS. CHAPMAN.

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts, March, 1858.

You will, I hope, receive by next steamer our report of the complete success of this year's financial effort. Well-nigh $4,000 is not a bad sum in a year of total business prostration. We are enabled to report tolerable *success, positively* speaking; and brilliant success, *comparatively* speaking.

The time seems to have come for a change in our method of financiering. The Bazaar has prepared the way for a wider and deeper instrumentality. Fairs are good only so long as there is no other way; and the instant direct contribution can be substituted in a way to increase the financial efficacy, we should be inexcusable not to do it. This, it now seems to me, can be done through the same organization, the same sort of annual call, upholding the same principles, with the same application of the funds. There are many in America, who yet stand without, who would be willing to give it applied to aright; and when we reflect that the time spent to keep the Bazaar in movement might keep up a direct subscription, we feel as if we saw the finger of Providence bidding us seek your aid this way, rather than to continue the former one of raising funds. Even supposing the result should be less in Europe this year, it would probably be greater in America; and this is a strong motive. *Your help has helped us to help ourselves.*

We entreat the continuance of your aid in a more effectual way, which we have devised since observing that our past united labours have prepared the way for something greater. I know you will all rejoice in the forwardness and ripeness in the cause which it indicates, and at the improvement in method which that progress renders for the first time practicable. Next year, instead of a Bazaar at Boston, which the financial crisis renders it impossible to have advantageously held, as there is no market, we intend to entreat our friends, wherever it is practicable, to send their contributions in money instead of goods. We shall make our own cash contributions; and the work which we did here for the Fair will be better done in direct application of our efforts.

I think you on your side will be willing to send your donations in money rather than goods. Glasgow as well as Dublin now sends its most valuable contributions in what would come as cash to a better economy. I grudge the $1 000 of duty; and this year I cannot ask for contributions for which there will be no market in Boston.

Stand by us, dear friends, in making this move for the better, since the best economy and use of time, means, talents and life all demand it. You may smile to hear me call a matter that, estimated in money, amounts to £800 per annum, important; but it symbolizes that fidelity over a few things which can alone insure the downfall of the many things which stand in the way of freedom.

CESSATION OF THE BOSTON BAZAAR, AND APPEAL OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Our readers will perceive, from the abstract which we give of the report of the last Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and from the foregoing extracts of letters from Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, that it is the intention of the Committee of the Massachusetts Ladies' Anti Slavery Society to discontinue in future this means of replenishing the anti-slavery treasury. Although the returns from the last Bazaar were lower than for some years past, they were much greater than, at a time of such a fearful financial crisis and general monetary pressure, could have been anticipated. The highest returns on any former occasion were about $6,000; at this time they nearly reached $4,000; and, all things considered, the latter sum may be fairly regarded as a more signal indication of an improved public opinion than the former. It was not, therefore, from a sense of discouragement that this determination to make a change in the mode of collecting funds resulted. The Boston Bazaar was conducted at a great expense of time and trouble, on the part of some of the most gifted and devoted friends of the anti-slavery cause, whose talents and efforts might be better expended, if some more simple mode of collecting the sinews of war could be devised. Great as is the field of labour which this cause presents, the labourers are very few; and the preparing and decorating the hall in which the Bazaar was held, the procuring and receiving of contributions, the unpacking of boxes, the valuing and arranging of goods, the necessity of conducting a large and difficult correspondence, the thousand things to be done before, during and after the Bazaar, pressed very heavily upon the conductors. But it was not merely for these reasons that it has been resolved to discontinue this time-honoured mode of helping the cause, around whose memory so many affecting and hallowed recollections of its early martyrs will cluster. It was felt that after such a resolute battle, at such fearful odds, by so small a band, against all the hosts of slavery, backed by the Church, the political parties, and the social prejudices of a highly professing nation, it was time to take higher ground, and to appeal at once in the most direct way to all who profess adhesion to this great and noble cause, for the means to conduct it. It is believed that many in America, who are friendly to the anti-slavery movement, and would be willing to give it direct aid, now satisfy their consciences by purchasing at the Bazaar the gifts of others; and that the time now spent by the managers of the Bazaar in keeping it in movement would be more wisely employed in sustaining a direct subscription. It is therefore the intention of the Massachusetts Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society to make a direct annual appeal for funds, and they will gladly accept the smallest aid from any who are able and willing to afford it. As their efforts are entirely disinterested, as their Committee includes those who give most largely in time, talents and money, they are not ashamed, but confident in making their appeal on behalf of the noblest philanthropic enterprise of the age. Their eminently noble and Christian enterprise is devoted to promote the best interests of mankind, by removing the blackest stain upon the fair fame of a young and mighty nation, which but for its accursed system of chattel slavery would stand in the vanguard of Christianity, liberty and civilization.

As to the views of our friends on this side of the Atlantic, in reference to the intended cessation of the Boston Bazaar, we are obliged to confess that we have heard many an expression of regret. There are unquestionably many who will gladly give, in money, at least as much aid to the American Anti-Slavery cause as they have ever contributed in a less direct way. But even these will sympathize with the much larger number who have little to give, on the withdrawal of a motive for effort and a subject for conversation which afforded a pleasant stimulus to the actual anti-slavery zeal with which each of us might happen to be possessed. It is pleasant to have something to do—some actual work which makes us conscious that we also are a part of the machinery, however small, by which the great work of emancipation is promoted. There is great worldly wisdom in the policy which goes far to uphold any organized effort, by making every member of it feel that his assistance is not unimportant. In this respect, perhaps, quite as much as in any other way, was the Boston Bazaar valuable in sustaining the zeal of its European friends. Whatever drawback there might be from the amount of hard dollars in the cost of freight, duty, risk and damage incident to transmission, and the mistakes in the estimated value of our gifts, there is no doubt that the donors reaped a real benefit in the consciousness of having done something to prove their faith by their works on behalf of a great and good cause.

However, nobody questions that our Boston friends, who, from the commencement of this enterprise, have laboured so nobly for its promotion, are the best judges of measures for the future carrying on of the war. We have reason to repose the fullest confidence in their wisdom, devotion and disinterestedness, and all who have the cause really at heart will continue as heretofore to assist them in whatever way they may deem most likely to promote the common object.

We have heard O'Connell say that a good thing cannot be too often repeated. It is certain that some facts require almost incessant repetition, in order to make them generally apprehended. We shall, therefore, repeat what has already been abundantly declared, that the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society are to reform and purify the public opinion of the United States on the subject of slavery, and its attendant religious, moral, social and political evils. They know that if the people of the free States only were brought to feel how much they have suffered, and are now suffering, from the Slave Power, they would tumble down the system as Sampson destroyed the lords of the Philistines, and would, at the same time, confer the greatest social and moral blessings upon their country. In order to effect this object, the people must be reached by the press and the platform, and, accordingly, money is required to sustain their organ, THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and to support their band of gifted lecturers who are devoted to this great work.

However, it should be most distinctly understood that the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will still continue *their* Bazaar; that this Society stands, and has always stood, in the same relation to the parent Society as the association by whom the Boston Bazaar has been held; and that any gifts sent to them will be gladly received, and appropriated to the same objects as if they had been sent to Boston. All those ladies who have hitherto received contributions for Boston will henceforth undertake to send to Philadelphia whatever may be intrusted to them, and contributors may rest assured that their donations will, as heretofore, be faithfully devoted to the abolition of slavery in the way we have indicated. Thus those who prefer sending money can send to Boston, and those who desire to assist the cause as they have hitherto done may feel satisfied that in Boston and in Philadelphia the cause itself, and not any effort for the promotion of political, party or individual interests, will be promoted by their labours and their donations. In our present number we give some interesting extracts of letters from our honoured friend Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware, a member of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and in full fellowship with our friends and fellow-labourers in Massachusetts.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.


CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

## TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in MOZART HALL, No. 663 Broadway (above Bleecker street), on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 11th and 12th; commencing, as usual, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the first day, and closing in the afternoon of the last. Arrangements will be made to secure addresses from eloquent champions of the cause, not only at the first, but at each subsequent session.

At no time within the quarter of a century in which this Society, as the representative of the American slave, has pressed upon the consciences of the people the duty of IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION, have the obligations resting upon its friends been more imperative, or the incitements to fidelity on their part greater than at the present hour; and never was it more important that they should come together, in large numbers, from every part of the land, to confer with one another upon the state of the cause, and, by an interchange of thought and sympathy, prepare for new labours and conflicts in its behalf.

The object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, RELIGIOUSLY OR POLITICALLY!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

## *THE NEXT MOVE.*

THE pro-slavery papers of Massachusetts and of the Union generally are doing their best to make the Legislature and Governor who have just done their simple duty, in removing Edward Greeley Loring from his Judgeship, odious in the popular mind by the intensest kind of asseverations that they have become the mere tools and mouthpieces of the Abolitionists. In a sense this is true, though not in the sense in which it is twisted into a taunt. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts have, it cannot be denied, carried every point they have ever proposed to carry, and this dismissal of Judge Loring is only the crowning victory of a long series of triumphs, stretching over a period of more than twenty years. But why has this been the case? Certainly not from any physical coercion on the part of the Abolitionists, or from any controlling influence they exercised, at least directly, at the polls. It was simply, as we have repeatedly said before when treating on this topic, because they have never asked for anything that the honour and true interest of the State did not imperatively demand. By persistently keeping the matter immediately demanding action before the minds of the people, the good sense of an intelligent and right-judging majority came in time to see it as the original movers did, and then the thing was a *fait accompli*—an accomplished fact. The history of Massachusetts, in these particulars, is certainly most encouraging to all believers in the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, whether in that good old State or her younger sisters, and should urge them all onward in the career of these best victories of peace.

We are glad to hear that the pioneers of the Pioneer State are not disposed to sit down contented with the wreaths with which their bruised arms have been heretofore bound from time to time, but that they intend to open a fresh campaign, next winter, with a demand for a new and effectual measure for the protection of all men within the peace and under the protection of Massachusetts. Our readers have been informed of the tampering with the Personal Liberty Bill of that State, by which the Legislature damaged the effect of their righteous administration of justice towards the slave-catching Judge of Probate. The clauses in the Personal Liberty Bill forbidding the members of the bar to assist a slave-claimant, and punishing any militia officer or soldier for assisting at the returning of any slave, were repealed. It is a pity that that great act of justice should have been impaired in any degree by these unfortunate concessions, and we sympathize with those who have expressed a determination to have these parts restored to the Act from which they have been excised. But this is very far short of what the advanced and advancing spirit of the times demands. The Personal Liberty Bill itself, though the best enactment ever passed since the Revolution, needs to be transcended by a Higher Law, yet. In the days of darkness through which we have been passing, it was much to interpose legal obstacles in the way of the kidnapper. It was all that could be reasonably expected then. But, surely, the time calls upon Massachusetts to take a loftier ground than one where she prescribes the method according to which slaves are to be caught, if at all, on her territory, and to ascend to the higher Mount of the Law, from which she shall proclaim that NO SLAVE SHALL EVER BE TAKEN FROM HER SOIL BY ANY PROCESS, OR ANY AUTHORITY WHATSOEVER.

The Personal Liberty Bill ordains that every person claimed as a slave shall be entitled to his Habeas Corpus and his trial by Jury, with the right to bail in the meantime. The evidence necessary to establish his condition is recited and every method that ordinary forecast could suggest provided which should prevent any man *not* a slave from being kidnapped by a conspiracy of claimant, Marshal and Commissioner, and which should make it next to impossible for a man who *is* a slave to fall again into the clutches from which he had accomplished his escape. The object of the law, unquestionably, was that no slave should ever go back into slavery from Massachusetts, by hedging him in with such a network of technicalities and formalities as should make his deliverance all but certain. This is very much better than nothing; but it is very far from what justice and self-respect demand of a Sovereign State. If, after all the requisitions of the Law have been complied with, after the man claimed has been brought before the Judge by the Habeas Corpus, and the Jury empannelled, and the testimony heard and the arguments weighed, if, after all this, he be pronounced a slave, there is nothing in the Bill to prevent his being carried back, under the point of the national muskets, if not of the State militia. This does not appear to us a magnanimous or honourable attitude for a Sovereign State to stand in. To all men, not guilty of crime, she is bound by the very essence of her being to afford her protection at all hazards. If she cannot or will not do this, the first and simplest duty of a civil polity, she deserves not to exist at all. The Personal Liberty Bill is very well as a preparation for something better, as an Avatar, a Messenger before the face of a great deliverer; but it is only as the Voice crying in the Wilderness, as the Baptist and not the Messiah of the Dispensation at hand, even at the door, that we hailed its advent and that we do honour to its presence.

If we are not misinformed, it is the purpose of the Abolitionists of Massachusetts to approach their next Legislature with a request to declare by solemn statute that NO MAN SHALL HENCEFORTH BE TRIED AS TO HIS LIBERTY WITHIN HER JURISDICTION. The General Court will be asked to declare it to be a crime against the Peace and Dignity of the Commonwealth to question the right of any man upon her soil to his own body and the disposition of it at his own good pleasure, subject only to the laws of the State. When the ideas of the petitioners are embodied in law, a man claimed as a slave will be instantly entitled to the protection of the entire physical force of the State. The claimant shall be arrested and punished as a felon of the highest degree. Every person aiding and abetting him, in any form or manner, whether as Judge, Commissioner, Marshal or otherwise, shall be subjected to severe penalties, by way of fine and imprisonment. The Right of an innocent man to Personal Liberty being affirmed as the very first and highest of all, the gift of his God and indelible as his immortality, any invasion or infringement of it shall be treated as a crime of the deepest dye and visited with the severest penalties. The State will be entreated to cease from assisting in the escape of innocent persons who have placed themselves within her protection, by indirection and circuitousness; but to place her shield at once before them, and with the sword, if need be, to maintain for them the calm estate, under the shadow of liberty, which she sought for herself, and of which she boasts herself, in the immortal words of Algernon Sydney, the motto of her blazonry.* The refusal of any State Judge, or other official, to do whatsoever the law should make it his duty to do, or his interposition to hinder it from having its due course, should be the occasion of impeachment, removal by Address, disqualification for public service and such further chastisement as the aggravation of the offence might require. The principle once accepted, that no man is ever to be questioned as to his right to himself within the boundaries of Massachusetts, and that the attempt is a high crime against her Peace and Dignity, and all the incidental details of the enactment in which it would be embodied, would take easy care of themselves.

We do not imagine that this work will be accomplished in a single season. A hardy plant like this may take years to grow in, and need the suns of many summers and the snows of many winters, before it shall strike its roots so deep that it cannot be shaken, and wave its branches on high in defiance of every storm. But it is a plant indigenous to the soil—or, at least, its seed was brought over in the Mayflower and its like has never utterly died out of the soil of Anglo-Saxon hearts. The honour and self-respect of the State demand this action, and, in the fullness of time, it will spring into being and become a portion of the life-blood and the vital breath of Massachusetts. Why should this thing not come to pass? Multitudes of Republicans—among them, it is said, the most eminent of the two distinguished Senators of the Bay State—hold that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that requires the delivering-up of a fugitive slave. These men, of course, would be swift to promote an honourable and spirited action like this. It would be to believe them willing to purchase base advantages for themselves, at the cost of human sacrifices of innocent victims, to suppose they would be slack in this cause. Others, whose scruples do not keep them from the ballot-box, esteem that no immoral clause in the Constitution is binding upon them and that they are free to nullify it by State laws. These, too, might be relied on to help on the righteous work. Then there is the large and growing class of men, not over scrupulous as to their methods or their constructions of clauses, who are disgusted with the impotence of the Constitution for Freedom while it is omnipotent for Bondage; who are becoming daily more and more willing to break the Constitution for liberty just as far as the slaveholders break it for slavery, and who would like to express their minds in just such a way as this. Out of all kinds of minds and all sorts of opinions this result will come to pass one day—and perhaps not a very remote one. It is also true that there will be possible obstacles from the interposition of the State Courts, as now made up. But Judges are not immortal, and the Bench will necessarily reflect the general feeling more and more as Time and Change go on. And a speedier way of dealing with contumacious judges has been found to work so well in the late example that it may be found not to have utterly spent its virtue there. But this is a matter not to be disposed of in a single leader, and we shall soon return to it again.

* "*Ense petit placedam sub libertate quietem.*" Motto of the arms of Massachusetts.

## *MRS. DENISON'S "OLD HEPSY."*

THE notices of this work which we see in professedly anti-slavery journals are generally well adapted to commend it to the public attention and regard. The pictures of slavery which it presents are accepted as truthful delineations of a system which tends to subvert the very foundations of private virtue and public morality. The Boston *Congregationalist*, however, under the influence of the "revival" spirit, appears not to be in a mood to appreciate a thoroughly anti-slavery literature. "We have no doubt," it says, "that an idle hour might well be entertained by its perusal, but we cannot recommend its reading, *especially at this time*, when so many arguments combine to urge men to use their time to better purpose." The "arguments" alluded to, we presume, are not very dissimilar to those which "combined to urge" the Priest and Levite to "use their time to better purpose" than in helping a man who had fallen among thieves.

The Boston *Christian Register*, the organ of conservative Unitarianism, don't like the book at all, and even questions its fidelity. Mentioning the name neither of the author nor the publisher, it says:

"A truculent anti-slavery novel that will be stingingly irritating to the South; for it charges upon slavery corrupting effects which the South has always boasted slavery was its effectual safeguard against. We believe the South is right in this one particular. The main incident on which the story is founded is one of the most improbable that could be resorted to by any novelist familiar with society and its prejudices in the slave States. The book is altogether too high-coloured, and will disgust as much as it will excite. Alas for Mrs. Stowe if she is to be responsible for many such imitations of her immortal tale as this foul botch."

The *Christian Inquirer* of this city, another Unitarian journal, and one as much superior to its Boston contemporary in literary taste and intellectual force as it is more progressive in its spirit and aims, holds a very different opinion from that expressed by the *Register*. It says:

"This tale is designed to portray the workings of the institution of slavery upon domestic and social life. It is one of the most powerful works on the anti-slavery side of the question which has been produced. The plot is striking, the characterization distinct, and the dialogue animated. The descriptions of negro talk and life are very successful. If it should be said that the reader is made to sup too full of horrors, we can point him to the last newspaper for an answer. The characters of Old Hepsy, of Mabel, and Lawyer Kenneth are drawn to the life, and the excitement of interest is almost as painful as the end is approached. The moral may be condensed in a few words, and it is one which should be sounded through our country; Absolute power is for the perfect God, but it is not and it must not be for erring, tempted man. Angels would become fiends if they had uncontrolled dominion over one another."

We have already given our own judgment of the merits of the book, and we take pleasure now in recording the impressions derived from its perusal by our clear-sighted friend, Aaron M. Powell, who, in a letter now before us, says:

"I have read '*Old Hepsy*,' with decided interest, and, in the main, with hearty approval. The writer has one of her characters to speak of the Constitution, as giving no encouragement to slavery, &c—a point which, I think, a slave, at least with enlightened vision, would not stop to argue in that light. The picture is not a pleasing one to look upon, in its portraiture of the workings of slavery, but it is doubtless vividly true to the life it would represent. When the absorbing interest in the so-called 'great awakening' shall have subsided, as it doubtless will at no distant day, and the cause of the oppressed can gain more effectually the ear of people, 'Old Hepsy,' I trust, will have a goodly number of readers, of which it certainly is worthy."

## *PRO-SLAVERY REVIVALS.*

Correspondence of The Standard.

MARLBORO', Stark Co., O.

REVIVALS of Religion seem to be all the rage just now. The cities, as well as the country round about, seem to be affected by the excitement. Why it should have started just now, and had such a great run, is a problem for the philosopher. Perhaps, however, the great financial crisis has been the direct cause of the religious crisis. Men who have long worshipped the gods of this world, when they saw them departing from their grasp, and their temples falling in the dust, have made haste to turn their attention to matters pertaining to a future life. And then, the paralyzing effect of the financial crash upon all branches of industry has thrown multitudes of persons out of employment, so that they have had but little else to do but attend religious meetings.

When we reflect that it is the *American* Religion that is being revived—a religion that holds four millions of human souls in a state of heathen darkness; that crushes man, pollutes woman, and steals babies; that is sustained in part by trafficking in the bodies and souls of men, and by breeding immortal souls for the shambles—how can we but mourn at its reviving spread? What has the slave to hope from this great awakening, that will not lighten one grain the grievous yoke that weighs him down, but will only add so much more to the burden that crushes him? As his friends, it is our duty to show no respect for pro-slavery revivals, but only scorn and contempt, and endeavour, so far as in us lies, to neutralize and destroy their influence.

If it were the religion that Jesus of Nazareth preached and revived—an opening of the prison doors, and a letting of the oppressed go free—or the religion of the Czar of Russia, under which he is providing for the complete enfranchisement of the millions of Russian serfs, in order that despots may "*breathe more like Christians, and look at the light of heaven with a clearer eye*"—or the religion of tyrannic and haughty Austria, who, though she occasionally whips a woman for a high political offence, does not give up a whole class of women to be whipped without charge of crime, at the caprice or passion of any member of the superior class, as does Protestant America—or the religion of Papal Italy, which, while it may punish the common people for reading the Bible, still does not, like republican Virginia, punish Christian women for teaching native-born children to read their mother tongue—or if it were the Mahomedan religion even, which forbids its half-civilized followers from enslaving any fellow devotee, that was being spread among us, the slave might rejoice, and his friends and the advocates of his cause might thank God and take courage.

But, as it is that system of atheistic infidelity, the *American* religion, that enslaves God's image, the temple of the Holy Ghost and the representative of Christ on earth, that is being revived, how can we look with any favour upon it, or say aught else than that it is Satan's work?

That this is the case is evidenced by the fact that those engaged in these revival efforts generally take special pains to keep the slave out of sight, and avoid, with special care all allusion to his cause. "No controversial matters considered," may be a proper notice for a revival meeting, when it refers merely to differences of theology; but when it is made to apply to the practical consideration of the Golden Rule, it exhibits but too clearly the diabolic origin of the movement.

In my anti-slavery labours this winter, I have found none so bitter opponents as the popular religionists, and the more of this revival spirit they had, the more bitter and malignant was their opposition; and when I have attempted to hold meetings in places where these excitements were on foot, the attempt was generally a failure, so that when, as in some cases, I have found rival meetings by different sects, trying to outdo each other in the number of converts, I have made no attempt to have an anti-slavery meeting, but have shaken off the dust and departed.

The general effect of these efforts has been to bring into fraternal harmony, temporarily at least, the discordant elements of the American Church. If this were a restoration of harmony among those who were divided merely by sectarian or other minor differences, it would be a gratifying fact; but when it seems to heal those ruptures in the Church that the application of anti-slavery truth has created, it is to be lamented. To be sure, the Beechers and Cheevers had not fully sundered their ecclesiastical connection with the Lords and the Adamses, nor the Waylands with the Fullers and the Davises, nor the Tyngs with the Meads and the Whittinghams, and others; nor yet the Editors of *The Independent* with the managers of the Tract Society; still, the breach was widening, and gave good promise of being a complete and permanent one. But now, alas! these revivals seem destined to heal all these differences and turn the minds of the public from the facts that have caused them. Indeed there is too much reason to fear that it is the work of the Adversary of souls, put in operation for the express purpose of saving his darling institution, the American Church, from impending ruin.

In my lecturing tour of the last four months, in Ohio, I have often came in contact with a come-outer organization, called "Free Baptists," who had left the regular Baptists because of their complicity with and fellowship of slaveholders, and organised churches on the basis of "no fellowship with slaveholders, or of those churches who do fellowship them." And these Churches have organised in an association that has annual meetings, officers and all the appliances of the bodies they had left. All its members claim exemption from the criticisms we make upon pro-slavery Churches; and to this extent I was very glad to exonerate them, hoping they were entirely clear of ecclesiastical connection with the sum of all villanies. But you may judge of my surprise when, being at Litchfield, Medina Co., Ohio, a few weeks ago, and finding a Methodist revival in full blast, I saw the "Rev. W. H. Wood, Corresponding Secretary of the Free Baptist Association," joining his sermons and prayers with those of the Methodists in the labour of proselyting converts to the slaveholding Methodist Episcopal Church!! and combining his efforts with theirs to brand us as infidels, and to prevent our holding any anti-slavery meetings there, at that time, lest the Spirit of (their) God should be grieved away! There was an "anti-slavery" minister for you, and the representative of an "anti-slavery" religious sect!

Verily, the American Religion and the American Church are a unit, and all the attempts to reform it, or to change one's position by organising anew, *within reach of its fraternization*, have hitherto proved futile. Nothing short of an absolute and entire *coming out* will clear one of the responsibility and guilt of slaveholding; for, how can a man touch pitch and not be defiled therewith? J. A. H.

PENNSYLVANIA COAT OF ARMS.—We find in the Philadelphia *North American and U. S. Gazette* the following communication:

PHILADELPHIA, 8th April, 1858.

SIR: Will you allow me, through your columns, to make a suggestion to our Legislature and the people at large.

I have always thought our State coat of arms a tasteless, not to say ridiculous, one; and it has often occurred to me that our Legislature would, if called upon to do so, substitute something more suitable in its stead. What could make a more beautiful or poetical seal for our State than the renowned *Liberty Bell*? It was peculiarly our own thought, having been cast to the order of Isaac Norris, a Speaker of the old Colonial Assembly; and as, in addition to its intrinsic appropriateness, it has become historical, through the ringing, immediately after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, it is just the device we want. The legend upon its rim is in perfect harmony with the opening of the Declaration, and the whole thing strikes me as admirably befitting.

"Swinging slow, with solemn roar,"

It would send the glad evangel of its motto to the nations, to the world, and "unto all the inhabitants thereof."

If you like the idea, will you not also give it a word of approval? The example has recently been set by the State of Alabama. Let us follow. HOWARD.

The change here proposed, however desirable on poetic grounds, is not likely to be effected while Pennsylvania continues under the rule of men who are but the tools of the Slavocracy; though it is not impossible that the creatures who have devoted to the uses of slavery and slave-catching the building in which our fathers signed the Declaration of Independence may be audacious enough to appropriate the Liberty Bell of the Revolution as a seal to their covenant with the lords of the lash and the chain. The old Bell would be a very appropriate symbol for a State that is really free, but its use by a people who have not spirit enough to protect their soil from the incursions of the slave-hunter would be a profanation shocking alike to taste and the moral sense. When Pennsylvania shall have broken the cords which bind her to this despotic and blood-stained Union, and proclaimed liberty throughout her domain "unto all the inhabitants thereof," then, and not till then, will she be entitled to use the device proposed for her by "Howard."

## *HEAVEN IN THE STOCK MARKET!*

THE Abolitionists whose recollections date back to 1838 will remember the renowned Deacon John Gulliver, one of the instigators and the chief lay defender of the famous "Clerical Appeal," that weak exposition of the spirit which early sought to make the Anti-Slavery Movement subservient to a petty clerical and ecclesiastical ambition. The worthy Deacon, before that time, had exhibited no small amount of zeal as an Abolitionist, but the mortification which followed the signal discomfiture of himself and his clerical allies upon the issues presented in that Appeal would seem to have left him without any inclination to be further identified with the cause. From that time to this, we have never seen his face in any anti-slavery meeting, and only heard of him as connected with popular movements in behalf of a worldly and pro-slavery Church. Not long since he devised an association entitled "The American Systematic Beneficence Society," of which he was made the Secretary. The object of this Society is declared to be to help the various organizations that are in favour with the pro-slavery Churches. The slave has no place in the "systematic" provisions for the exercise of its "beneficence," though it appropriates for a motto the words of Him who came to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free: "The field is the world."

We had thought that the fame of Deacon Gulliver would rest entirely upon the wisdom in counsel and the valour in action which he displayed in connection with the "Clerical Appeal," but we find that our estimate of his genius of invention and power of achievement was altogether too low. He has devised the following extraordinary scheme for "bringing heaven down to men," and putting the joys of paradise within the reach of all who can manage to pay therefor the small sum of six cents per week! Here is the official proclamation, which certainly throws the "Clerical Appeal" far into the shade, and cannot fail to make the name of the Deacon as immortal as that of the older member of the Gulliver family with whose Travels we are all so familiar.

AMERICAN SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE SOCIETY.

AUXILLARY TO EVERY BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION IN THE LAND.

(Vignette, angel with a trumpet, sounding:)

"Glory to God in the highest, Peace on Earth, Good will to Men."

(Figure of the globe with the inscription:)

"The field is the world."

(And below:)

Foreign Mission, Home Mission, Sabbath School, Seamen's Friend, Education, Bible and Tract Societies.

$——. One hundred per cent. Stock. ——Shares.

This certifies that ——— is the holder of ——— shares in the SABBATH SCHOOL CHARITY FUND.

Stockholders are guaranteed to receive one hundred times as much as they put in (Matthew xix., 29). Those who continue to pay into the Fund as much as six cents a week, for three years in succession, to be life members of the American Systematic Beneficence Society. Those who do this for six years to be honorary managers for life. Those who do this for ten years to be honorary vice-presidents for life. Those who do this (from love to Christ) while they live will have a free admission through the gates into the heavenly city, a snow-white robe, a heavenly harp, a crown of gold, and a seat at the right hand of the final Judge.

M. W. BALDWIN, Pres.
W. J. R. TAYLOR, Rec. Sec'y. GEO. H. STUART, Vice-Pres.
JOHN GULLIVER, Cor. Sec'y.
THOMAS COPPER, Treasurer.

This precious piece of pious clap-trap, or, as *The New York Examiner* calls it, "concentrated Barnumism," is worthy of that grotesque and shocking travesty of Christianity, the American pro-slavery Church. We observe that three of the gentlemen whose names are appended to the certificate have disavowed it. They did so, however, not until it had been a fortnight before the public, when the tide of ridicule and indignation which it had called forth constrained them to take advantage of a technicality for the withdrawal of their names from the odious bantling. Poor Deacon Gulliver has only the Treasurer of the "Systematic Beneficence Society" to share with him the glory of his scheme for putting heaven into the stock-market and selling seats in paradise at a great discount for cash systematically contributed!

LIGHT IN DELAWARE.—Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., in a letter to the editor of *The* (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, communicates a very encouraging piece of intelligence, as follows:

"If civil war should take place, and a separation between the North and South follow, the South, unaided by the North, cannot sustain the system five years; but I fear it will cause much bloodshed. And which of the slave States, think you, will consent to be the border States on the southside? I feel very confident that little Delaware will take sides with the North. Already a very liberal, I may say anti-slavery, paper has been started in Milford, Sussex County, where three-fourths of the slaves in Delaware are held, and the editor is encouraged to advocate the abolition of slavery in the State, by some of the largest slaveholders and some of the most prominent men, mostly Methodists. The parents of the editor and all his connections reside in the county, and are at this time slaveholders. Two years since he was clerk of our Senate, and quite pro-slavery. The first interview I had with him, soon after the session, he admitted the policy of emancipation so far as Delaware was concerned, but justified slavery as the best condition for the negro, and argued that his position had been vastly improved by having been brought from Africa and held here as a slave; but I am now happy to be able to say he repudiates all such nonsense; he condemns slavery under every circumstance. He is a young man, with very fair talents, and considerable energy. I feel quite sanguine that the paper will do good."

Mr. Garrett, as our readers well know, has been a bold helper of fugitive slaves for many years. In the same letter from which we have quoted above he says:

"The list of fugitives whom I have assisted in their escape now numbers 2,160. I spent last evening with a Methodist minister and his wife, stationed here, born and raised on the eastern shore of Maryland, in the immediate neighbourhood of Frederick Douglass's master; they knew him before his escape, and say his statements respecting his master and others are literally true. They have lately been on a visit to the neighbourhood, and found that nearly half the slaves of that district had ran off. The minister's wife told me that one of her cousins last fall purchased a slave for which she paid five hundred dollars (much below the usual price), and in four weeks the slave ran away and she had never heard of her since. My friend told her cousin she was really glad of it; she only wished they would all run off; people are all venturing to speak much more freely of late than they did formerly, and slaveholders meet with but little sympathy hereaway when their slaves escape. The minister told me that when he left, some years since, there was a mulatto, a Methodist minister, who owned a plantation, and had several hired servants. He thought him a sincere good man at that time; but he is now informed that he has become a slaveholder. His informant told him that this man purchased a slave for life last fall, who ran off in a few weeks, and the investment was lost to him. I wish that no slaveholder should fare better, and they never shall if I can help it."

FIST FIGHT IN CONGRESS.—Not long since, Senator Biggs, of North Carolina, made certain statements on the floor of the Senate impeaching the moral character of Hinton Rowan Helper, Esq., the author of a work lately published, addressed to the Non-Slaveholders of the South, and intended to incite them to an assertion of their rights in opposition to the Slave Oligarchy. Mr. Helper, being in Washington on Monday, went into the Representatives' Hall after the adjournment of the House, and, approaching Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, asked him if he had given to Senator Biggs the information upon which that Senator had founded his attack. We give what followed in the words of the correspondent of *The Evening Post*.

"Mr. Craige said he did not. Mr. Helper said, 'Did you not aid him in obtaining the information?' Mr. Craige replied that application was made to him for information, and he sent the person who applied to a subordinate clerk in one of the departments, naming the clerk. Mr. Helper said, and was about moving away, 'You acted a contemptible and cowardly part.' At the utterance of these words Craige seized Helper by the throat, when the latter dealt the former a severe blow, which made him loose his hold. The parties clenched and contended together for about half a minute, Craige decidedly getting the worst of it, although he is a head taller than He'per, and much the heaviest man.

"The door-keeper and several members of the House, and one or two 'members of the Press,' rushed in and separated them, amidst shouts of 'Look out for pistols,' 'Let 'em have it out,' 'Keep away,' &c., &c. Helper was taken into the room of the Sergeant-at-arms, and Speaker Orr ordered a magistrate to take him into custody. He was accordingly taken to the

and nothing of moment has been received by mankind until they perceived its utility. In this respect, the Indians are exactly like other people. They now see the necessity of drawing their subsistence from the earth; and from every reserve, and almost every tribe, we hear of their willingness and aptness to learn the vocations of civilized life.

We come now to the most graphic portion of the passage, as follows:

"The sinewy Caucasian labourer lays hold of the phlegmatic Indian warrior. They struggle in deadly grasp—naked man to naked man, hand to shoulder, knee to knee, breast to breast; the white man bends the red manover. crushes him down, and chokes him dead. *It is always so when the civilized meets the savage.*"

As a matter of fact, such occurrences exist chiefly in the poet's fancy; but as to the effect of the portraiture, it is powerful in the extreme, and, I am sorry to say, on the wrong side. The ambition of many a simple youth, fired with ideas of Caucasian superiority, and armed with his true and far-reaching rifle, will long to mate himself against the Indian and his bow; and when the red man falls, as fall he must, the white man's conscience twinges not, for Theodore Parker says "*It is always so when the civilized meets the savage.*"

The paragraph concludes with the assertion that "in the long run of history, the race is always to the swift, and the battle to the strong." Here, again, I think that this sentiment, however true in the main, is sadly misapplied. That tyrants, whether individual men or nations, may appear to prosper for a season, is true; yet, "in the long run of history," we learn everywhere that oppression creates and determines its own destruction, and that the haughty, sooner or later, are brought low, while those of low degree become exalted. This is the great lesson of all the past; and whether we are students of nature and concrete forms, or of art and elementary principles, out of this savageness we come, only as we enter into and appropriate a truer and more excellent humanity. I object, then, especially to the sense in which he uses the terms "swift" and "strong," as expressing purely physical or brute force; and I deny that in the long run of history this unsanctified power *does*, in any truly human sense, either win the race or conquer in the battle; for the brute force itself, whether of white, or black, or red men, is, notwithstanding Mr. Parker's galvanic appeal to its sensibilities, rapidly passing away, and soon must be numbered among the things that were.

As to the approaching annihilation of the Indians, I think the prophecy is atheistic and impious, and an unnecessary assumption of false and wicked principles. And this very sentiment of Mr. Parker, with scarcely a strain, whether he meant it or not, can be made, and *will* be made, to indorse any degree of outrage and cruelty which the superior strength, intelligence or skill may choose to inflict on the comparatively helpless races of men.

With the measures proposed by the Indian Aid Association, our aborigines can be protected and developed, so as to become a great and prosperous people. The main thing is to excite the hopes, and thus secure the cooperation of liberal philanthropists, in order to open the enterprise, and fix it on a true foundation. Mr. Parker should bear in mind that for such men as himself to call the Indian ferocious is the certain way to make the masses of our countrymen believe that he *is* ferocious; and thus, by cruel treatment, they will make him what they name him. But should not such teachers as Mr. Parker show us that the true interest, as well as the highest happiness, of men is to aid and develop each other in that endless progression, which leads the low up into the higher, the gross and sensual out into the finer, ignorance to wisdom, hate to love, and *all* savageness into still higher types and ever-ascending civilizations? JOHN BEESON.

## *PERSONAL.*

Parker Pillsbury, we hear, is slowly recovering from the severe illness by which he was lately prostrated. He is expected to visit his friends in this city sometime next week.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Samuel J. May does not hope to be able to give the anti-slavery cause the benefit of his personal attendance and advocacy at the approaching Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Sentence was pronounced, at Turin, Sardinia, on the 20th ult., upon the insurgents of June last. Mazzini was condemned to death, as were four others—all by default. Savi, the editor of *The Italia del Popolo*, was sentenced to ten years' hard labour. Fourteen others (of those in custody) were condemned to various terms of hard labour, as were also thirteen absentees.

Senator Sumner, whose convalescence has of late been so decided as to leave his friends in no doubt of his speedy and complete restoration, is now, we are pained to hear, suffering severely from a return of symptoms which it was hoped had forever passed away. He was in the Senate on Tuesday long enough to vote on the Kansas issue, but was unable to remain more than a few minutes.

Aaron M. Powell, who was compelled recently by ill health to retire from the lecturing field, writes us, under date of Ghent, April 13, as follows: "My health is better, and seems to be undergoing a real improvement. I have not been as well at any time the past six months as in the last week or two. I find real benefit from the adoption of a series of Gymnastic exercises, and was stimulated afresh in the practice thereof by Higginson's excellent article, 'Saints and their Bodies,' in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*."

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says:

"The Honourable the Senator Hammond, after his denunciation of all Northern working men as 'mud sills,' and 'slaves,' and after Gen. Wilson's reply to the spokesman of chivalry, may have excited some interest in the minds of his Northern friends, and it will not be uninteresting to those same 'slaves' to know what manner of man this representative of 'that other class which leads progress, civilization and refinement' can be in person. He is tall, long-limbed, bald-headed, spectacled, clothed in black, and delights to stretch his legs at full length on the top of his desk, as he sits in his chair in the Senate, in which dignified position he reminds one of the stories we have read of a gorged boa constrictor, stretched along the tree tops. If this be the habit of the mirror of chivalry in public, we leave to the imagination of the 'mud sills' his social and domestic manners."

Thomas Hart Benton, who, for the last thirty-five or forty years, has occupied so conspicuous a place in the politics of the country, died at Washington, on Saturday last, of internal cancer, at the ripe age of 76 years. He was a man of an iron constitution, of indomitable will, and of boundless egotism; but while he was remarkably free from the low vices which characterize so many of our politicians, he was not a statesman in any high sense of the word. Within the last few years he has not been in good standing with the Democratic party, and it is understood that he did not approve of its Kansas policy, but he voted for Buchanan, and has left on record no word of earnest hostility to slavery. He retained his faculties in full exercise until within a few hours of his death, dictating in a whisper to his daughter the finishing passages of his Abridgement of the Debates of Congress.

The Washington correspondent of *The New Orleans Delta* writes as follows:

"I have a passion for Seward. He comes up to my idea of Robin in the Wandering Jew—the most deliberate devil that was ever drawn by human pen—so cool, so clear-headed, so indomitable, so relentless in the pursuit of his fiendish purposes. Seward traverses the seemingly tortuous, but really straight, line of his ambition with the unerring certainty of footsteps that characterizes a rope-dancer, never missing a step, and keeping his eagle eye steadily fixed on the goal before him. The balance-pole by which he preserves his equipoise is that cool, big head that bulges out above his narrow shoulders. If he becomes our next President, and disunion does not immediately follow his election, I will wager that he will so beautifully honey-fuggle both South and North that the people will pronounce him one of the best Presidents we have ever had. But I begin to think there is little danger of his obtaining the nomination. He is too great a man, that is if he is a man and not a devil."

MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *Republican*, an inveterate pro-slavery sheet, warns the people of Missouri that their next State election, which takes place in August, is "to be fought upon the issue distinctly presented by the Black Republicans, *which proposes a direct war upon the institution of slavery in this State.*" We hope the Free Soil Democrats of Missouri will not disclaim this issue, but meet it fairly and squarely. Our fear is, however, that they will ruin their cause by unworthy compromises and paltering, half-way measures.

J. F. CLEVELAND, Esq., is entitled to our thanks for a copy of the "Manual for the use of the Legislature of the State of New York," embodying statistics of general interest and permanent value; also for a copy of Disturnell's new Township Map of the State.

## *FROM WASHINGTON.*

THE Lecompton Villany, which was generally supposed to have been "crushed out" by the House, again lifts its head and seems to have more than an even chance of being finally enacted into a law. On the 8th instant, the bill as amended by the House came back from the Senate with a message that that body had refused to concur in the said amendment (the Crittenden-Montgomery provision to refer the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people of Kansas). The House promptly voted to "ADHERE," 119 to 111. Subsequently the Senate voted to ask for a Committee of Conference, naming on its part Green of Mo., Hunter of Va. and Seward of New York. On Wednesday the question came up in the House upon the issue thus presented, when four of the Douglas Democrats left their anti-Lecompton associates and voted for a Conference. This made a tie, and the Speaker's casting vote in favour of the measure carried it. There is scarcely a shadow of ground to doubt that some juggle of a compromise will now be adopted, by which the Lecompton scheme will, in substance, be forced through the House by the power of Executive influence and patronage. We don't believe the men by whose votes the Conference proposition was carried can be relied upon in the final struggle.

The bill for the admission of Minnesota to the Union, allowing her two Representatives, passed the Senate on the 7th, 48 to 3.

The Deficiency bill, after being once rejected, passed the House on the 9th, 111 to 97.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.—In *The* (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for April we find an "extract of a letter from Philadelphia," from which we copy as follows:

"The return of our dear friend Martha Griffith from Kentucky, gives me a subject for my present letter, for I do not doubt your interest in her, not only as the author of the 'Autobiography of a Female Slave,' but from what you may have learned of her private history. Owing to untoward circumstances, her six slaves, though perfectly at liberty so far as she personally restrained them, were not made nominally and legally free till the present year. Early in January, in pursuance of a long-formed plan, she went herself to Kentucky for the purpose of making the final arrangements for their emancipation. Many of her friends dreaded the dangers she might encounter, both open and concealed, and endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose, and to act by an attorney. She relied (and as the result has proved justly) on the protection of her *friends* there, going alone not to excite suspicion of her purposes. She found that her agent, who had the care of the younger ones, had been faithful to his trust, and was disposed to aid her all in his power. Her uncle, on whose estate most of her slaves lived, received her very kindly and also gave his assistance, though not approving of the deed, saying, 'I know you will live to repent it. If you had brought these abolition notions with you from the North, I should have no patience with you, but you have had them from a child, and are only consistent.' Her agent refused compensation for his services, saying that he never intended to take any, 'I always think of you, Miss Martha, as, when a child, you ran along the street of the village, holding out your hand to me with, 'Have a peach, have a peach.'

"Arrangements are making for her people to live in Ohio, the laws forbidding their remaining in Kentucky, where they have no property, which, as their mistress would not receive it, is theirs. The oldest man, aged forty-two (for whom three thousand five hundred dollars was offered, as he is considered the best slave in the country), has a wife belonging to another person; from her he is obliged to part for the present, so that even the boon of freedom has its pains. I wish I could give you the touching incidents connected with the story—the devotion, the gratitude shown in the most delicate attentions while she remained with them, and the richness of their parting blessings. Why will not other masters earn a rich reward by going and doing likewise?"

KIDNAPPER CONVICTED.—Mason Thomas, alias Mason Spaulding, was convicted last week, in the Court of General Sessions, under an indictment charging him with kidnapping, or inveigling to kidnap, a free coloured man, in this city, in the month of February last, taking him to the city of Richmond, Va., and there selling him as a slave. The defendant was represented by Mr. Levi S. Chatfield and ex-Judge Stuart. Mr. Sedgwick, the Assistant District-Attorney, conducted the prosecution. The kidnapped negro, George Anderson by name, was called to the stand, but he proved to be nearly an idiot, and could not be made to understand the nature of an oath. Of course his testimony could not be taken. Mr. Raglan, of Petersburg, Va., deposed that he purchased the negro at Richmond, of the defendant, paying $400 for him. Mr. Davis, of the same place, testified that he was present at the sale, and recognised the parties. Other witnesses proved that Anderson was a free negro, and had long been resident in this city. The jury promptly rendered a verdict of guilty, when the counsel of the prisoner moved for a stay of proceedings, on some ground not yet publicly stated. The question will be considered on the last day of the term.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.—George W. Curtis, Esq., delivered an admirable lecture on Woman's Rights, at Mozart Hall, on the 8th inst. The brief sketch on the fourth page will give some idea of his line of thought and argument, though it fails to do justice to his wealth of illustration, his scorching yet genial satire, his sparkling wit and felicity of historic and classic reference. His doctrine was radical enough, we should think, to satisfy the earlier champions of the cause, while his presentation of the subject was eminently calculated to impress those who have hitherto been opposed or indifferent.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN opened the doors of its exhibition rooms on Monday evening to a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to take a private look at the pictures which were to be subsequently opened for public inspection. The crowded state of the rooms was unfavourable to a critical examination of the pictures, but it was agreed on all hands that the exhibition, as a whole, was superior to that of last year. The exhibition will remain open till the middle of June, and we advise our readers, both in city and country, not to fail of visiting it.

SLAVE CASE IN CALIFORNIA.—The latest arrival from California brings us the particulars of a most interesting slave case, which occurred at San Francisco just before the steamer's departure. We have not room for the story this week, and can only say that the people of San Francisco exhibited an amount of anti-slavery feeling which we did not suppose existed in that city. The case was still pending, with a fair prospect that the negro would be declared free.

A MUZZLED MAGAZINE.—The prevalence of the pro-slavery spirit in the Baptist Denomination is evidenced by the fact, that the Quarterly organ and expositor of the denomination wears a muzzle. This disgraceful fact is made the subject of indignant comment in an article, which we copy elsewhere, from the Portland (Me.) *Zion's Advocate*.

NOT CONFIRMED.—Advices received on Tuesday by the Washington do not confirm the statement, conveyed by a previous arrival, that the Spanish Government had presented a project for the abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. It is not pleasant to be obliged to make an announcement which will carry joy to the hearts of American slaveholders.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Messrs. Stanford & Delisser have become the agents of this publication in New York. The work has been improved and enlarged, and we take pleasure in commending the Prospectus in another column to the attention of our readers.

AGITATION IN RUSSIA.—By the latest arrival from Europe we learn that great agitation prevailed in Russia in consequence of the opposition of the nobility to the emancipation of the serfs. Many great proprietors had fled to St. Petersburg in fear of their lives.

AGENTS.—WILLIAM H. FISH, of Cortland, N. Y. has been appointed an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, of Worcester, Mass., is a Lecturing and Tract Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT.—The Hon. Nehemiah Abbott, of Maine, is entitled to our thanks for a copy of the Report of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office for 1856, received by us under his frank.

THE AMERICAN ABOLITION SOCIETY will hold its anniversary at Dr. Cheever's Church, on Thursday afternoon, May 13th. Addresses are expected from Dr. Cheever, Rev. H. H. Garnett and others.

POSTPONED.—A letter from Our Philadelphia Correspondent was received too late for insertion in this number. Delay will not impair its interest.

GEN. CASS, it is said, has completed a letter to Lord Napier, on the Slave Trade. It is very elaborate, covering some twenty pages of foolscap.

## *TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.*

### APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of THE STANDARD, now announced, to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto THE STANDARD has not had a self-supporting subscription-basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous cooperation of every friend of THE STANDARD, and of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The excellence of THE STANDARD as a journal, whether in regard to its literary taste, its editorial ability or its typographical accuracy and neatness, is unhesitatingly offered for comparison in these particulars with any other American journal; while in respect to its anti-slavery fidelity, fearlessness and discernment, it is enough to say that it is the organ of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, the only associated body in the land which takes the high and impregnable ground of the utter SINFULNESS OF SLAVERY, of the DUTY OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION of every slave on our soil, and of the cor-relative DUTY OF EVERY MAN TO CEASE FROM ALL GOVERNMENTAL, POLITICAL OR ECCLESIASTICAL UNION WITH THE AMERICAN SLAVEHOLDER AND SLAVE-TRADER.

On these grounds, and for the cause's sake, we solicit of every friend of the American Slave an immediate and a persevering attention to the work of securing to THE STANDARD a large and self-supporting subscription-list, thus leaving the funds obtained by donation to the Society's treasury to be applied to other agencies.

We can confidently assure all friends of our cause, that we believe there will be no diminution in the interest or value of THE STANDARD, in consequence of the changes which have necessarily been made. We shall indeed lose the services of a thoroughly able, conscientious, faithful and judicious editor, by the retirement of Mr. Gay. But arrangements have been made for securing editorial labour and oversight, of the most thorough and effective kind, and THE STANDARD will, under the continued editorial supervision of our tried coadjutor, OLIVER JOHNSON, undoubtedly maintain, and add to, its acknowledged excellence.

With this fixed purpose, on the part both of Committee and Editors, we call with earnestness upon *all* our associates and friends to give THE STANDARD a large circulation throughout the Non-Slaveholding States, and, as far possible, through the Slaveholding States also. There are no journals in existence—not even the best of the *Tribunes*, *Evening Posts*, and *Independents*—which can be trusted to do, or which even propose to do, the thorough, vigorous and uncompromising work which THE STANDARD will do. There is no journal which supersedes or renders THE STANDARD unnecessary. No tampering with this great Sin, no daubing with untempered mortar, no filming-over the ulcerous spot, no consent to a temporizing policy or to half-way measures shall ever disgrace it.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE! FRIENDS OF HUMANITY! FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, in deed and in truth! Will you not at once, and from every quarter, the nearest and the most remote from our centre of publication, respond to this call? Send to our office, 138 Nassau street, New York, the name of every new subscriber whom you can obtain. Send thither intelligence of the cause in your neighbourhoods. Send your words of cheer and counsel. And by your united strength, give to our STANDARD a more conspicuous position in the land, and a new power for the Deliverance of the Enslaved.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
EDMUND QUINCY,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
*Executive Committee.*

*See STANDARD of March 7th.

## ANTI-SLAVERY SALE, IN BOSTON.

NOTICE.—The Ladies of the late Anti-Slavery Bazaar have received the beautiful gift of De la Rue's choicest Letter and Note-Paper, of every variety of tint, together with a fine assortment of his Tourist's Cases, Memorandums and Pocket Books, *etc.*, and an opportunity for purchase will be afforded on

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 20th and 21st,

at No. 7 Summer street, Boston, directly opposite Trinity Church, in one of the parlours over the store of Daniell & Co.

☞The sale to commence on Tuesday, the 20th, at 11 o'clock, a. m., and to continue for those two days only.

☞Other beautiful things, remaining from the late Bazaar, may also be seen.

## Summary.

GAVE IT TO HER SISTER.—A young lady, fond of pomp and vanity, had a beautiful set of jewelry—she became converted. In relating her experience, she said, "When I had found the Lord, I was convinced that if I continued to wear the jewelry, I should go to hell, and so I took it all off, and gave it to my sister."

ONTONAGON, THE NEW STATE.—Two names have been suggested for the new State to be erected from parts of Michigan and Northern Wisconsin—Superior and Ontonagon. The latter is the more popular, and has the advantage of being aboriginal. Superior is a name that might be applied to a colony in New South Wales, as well as a new American State. Ontonagon is an Indian word, and is pronounced as if written On-ton-aw-gon.—*Evening Post.*

Rev. Theodore Parker has lately signified to his congregation that a reduction of his salary would not be disagreeable to him. Last year the amount raised was from sixteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars. At a meeting of the society it was unanimously voted that there should be no diminution of the yearly stipend of their minister, and that his usual summer vacation should be extended one month.

TROUBLE.—The editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* is in trouble. A brother minister, Rev. Mr. Elliott, teaches dancing in his female academy, and has inveigled Jonas, one of the reverend editor's slaves into a banjo company, to please the young ladies. The editor is afraid he shall not be able to give Jonas a proper religious education. It is a case that certainly calls for deep sympathy. Perhaps he had better send Jonas to the auction block.—*Zion's Herald.*

PUNCH ON KEITT.—The very clever Homeric verses in which *Punch* recently celebrated the battle-royal in the House of Representatives, and which have been attributed to Shirley Brooks were written, we understand, by Theodore Martin, whose brilliant and spirited "Ballads of Bon Gaultier" are as familiarly known on this side of the Atlantic as in England. His new contribution to what Mr. Emerson would call the "Iliads of mankind" is certainly not unworthy of his reputation.—*Times.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE BROUGHT BACK.—The ship Harvest Queen, Capt. Manson, arrived this morning from Liverpool, having on board the slave Henry, belonging to Mrs. Giles, of this city. This boy absconded on the ship Advice, Capt. Dix, hence for Liverpool, and when about 100 miles south-east of the Passes, on the morning of the 25th instant, Captain Dix promptly put him on board the Harvest Queen, to be returned to his owner. This is as it should be.—*N. O. Picayune, March 28th.*

SENATOR PUGH'S CONSTITUENTS.—A correspondent from Washington of the Boston *Journal* writes: "A good story is told of the young gentleman who misrepresents southern Ohio in the Senate. A prominent and pungent Democrat from Cincinnati arrived in Washington a few days since.

"Well, Mr. C——," asked one of his friends, "what are you here for?"

"To take home *George Pugh's remains*," was the prompt reply.

NEWSPAPERS A WIDOW'S RIGHT.—A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his Court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common land. The common law of America now recognises the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

"ANOTHER VETERAN GONE."—An old African negro, named Cæsar, fell into a river a day or two since and was drowned. Cæsar was a relic of by gone days. He belonged to nobody in particular, and went pretty much where he pleased. He is said to have been at least *one hundred and twenty years old!* Mr. Onesphore Bernard, Senr., one of our oldest citizens, and who is fully reliable—himself some 70 years of age—says he remembers, when a boy, that Cæsar was too old and infirm then to perform plantation labour. Cæsar was, without doubt, our oldest inhabitant.—*West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter.*

"TEW HUM."—The following is from the letter of an American now travelling in Italy. At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it is here that the Pope found refuge when he fled from the Republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American frigate. The commander welcomed them in these terms: "Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do?" "Here, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; *parley vous* with the Pope, while the King and I go down and have a drink. King, *come on!*"

A PROMISING THEOLOGIAN.—A young and fresh convert, about to enter a theological seminary in the promising city of B——, was present at a small party. In the course of the evening a discussion arose in regard to the orthodoxy of Pope's Essay on Man. After awhile the young theological candidate was appealed to, to settle the question at issue. Knowing but one Pope, whom he regarded with holy horror as the Man of Sin, he at once put an end to all controversy by the assertion that "the Pope might be a very fine writer, but he was the greatest tyrant that ever sat upon the throne."—*Even. Post.*

GOOD FOR A DOUGHFACE.—This is the way Senator Pugh is rewarded by those whom he was so anxious to conciliate. We copy from the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Register:*

"An extract from a private letter to us from Washington reads as follows: 'All you say of Pugh is so, except his vote. He voted anti-Lecompton, but exerted himself for it—keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. He is a very immature specimen of a Senator—an unripe fruit that dropped prematurely.'"

LOVE POWDERS AND POISON.—A poor mulatto girl (a slave) has recently been tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder on a dish of oysters, which made some of the family sick. It came out in the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of an evil design. The powder, being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love powder, had sprinkled it on the food in order to make her mistress love her.

Psyllography—a new branch of art—has just acquired great development. It consists simply in cutting out sheets of black paper in such a way as to make it into a picture—figures or landscapes—which has all the finish of an engraving by the best masters. It appears that psyllography is a German discovery, its Columbus being one Herr Schmidt, who, armed with a pair of scissors and a sheet of paper, is able to reproduce the most complicated landscape: great improvements have been introduced by M. Muratiri, an Italian, who has just arrived in Paris from Ravenna, whose scissors are far more skilful, according to competent judges, than the brush and pencil of many a limner.

ORIGIN OF "APRIL FOOL."—If credit may be reposed in the *Public Advertiser* for April 13th, 1769, the "wrinkle" sprung from a Hebrew root. "It is said to have begun," says the print in question, "from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month, among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the Patriarch."—*Albany Journal*, 6*th*.

WASHING HIS OWN SHEEP.—The Springfield *Republican* says that a piquant correspondence has just passed between two clergymen, in a city where considerable religious awakening has taken place. In substance the correspondence ran as follows:

Baptist to Methodist clergymen.

Dear Brother—I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them as candidates for your church.

Methodist to Baptist clergymen.

Dear Brother—Yours received. I prefer to wash my own sheep.

SALE OF SLAVES.—The Clarke County *Journal* says that several slaves were sold in Millwood on the 17th inst. The following were the prices: Boy 15 years old, $700; woman 24 years old, $500; boy 12 years old, $420; small boy, 10 years old, $305. The above seems to be a low mark for servants at this time.

The following slaves were sold at auction, at Norfolk, Tuesday: A woman and three small children, not to be taken out of the State under a penalty of $1,000, $1 650; boy 17 years old, $952 50; boy 7 years old, $400.—*The South.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN MINNESOTA.—Mrs. Jane G. Swissbelm, in behalf of the wives and mothers of America, has sent a petition to the Legislature of Minnesota, praying that body so to amend the "Homestead Bill" that the wife, with or without the consent of her husband, shall be competent to enter protest against summary proceedings, and reserve the homestead for family use. The petition was ordered to be printed in the journal, and referred to the Committee having in charge the Homestead Bill.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW!—We clip the following item from the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Walter Kennedy, a lad, was yesterday brought before Justice Boyd, by Officer Hause, of the Southern District Police, charged with peddling oranges and lemons without a license. The lad, who is not more than 10 or 12 years of age, had been previously warned by the police. The little fellow pleaded in excuse that his father had compelled him to go upon the street, and offer the fruit for sale. The magistrate imposed a fine of $1, and, in default of payment, committed the offender to jail."

If murder, arson, burglary and kindred offences were as vigorously punished as the shocking crime of this little boy, Baltimore would be a model city. No wonder it is filled with rowdies and assassins, when its children are educated in jail for attempting to earn an honest living.—*Times.*

MODERN DEMOCRACY.—Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, in the recent debate in the Senate of the United States, tells us that all labouring men are "slaves." This is one of the "points" of modern Democracy, practically upheld at Tammany Hall and vindicated by representatives of New York. Here is another "point," which has been put forth by Senator Clay, of Alabama, in his recent speech:

"Establish, as a principle, that to give sanction to law it must be approved by the majority at the ballot-box, and you take away this security and surrender those rights to the most capricious, rapacious and cruel of tyrants. I regret to see the growing spirit in Congress, and throughout the country, to democratize our government—to submit every question, whether pertaining to organic or municipal laws, to the vote of the people."

A FREE PRESS MOBBED IN MINNESOTA.—The office of the St. Cloud *Visitor*, a paper published by Mrs. Swissbelm, was broken open on the morning of the 24th ult., the press demolished and the type and contents of the office thrown into the river. Mrs. S. alleges that the destruction of the office was instigated by one Gen. Lowry and James Shepley, her offence being some articles against slavery, written in her usual caustic style. The citizens of St. Cloud are naturally indignant at this mode of attempting to silence a free press, and held a meeting, where Mrs. S. was heard, and resolutions adopted declaring that the *Visitor* should be sustained. We doubt whether the mobites will make anything out of such labours.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

"AUNT SALLY."—The Reform Book and Tract Society of Cincinnati, Ohio, has purchased the copyright of this interesting and truthful story, and will soon republish the same, with the view of introducing it into all the Sabbath schools in the country, where the simple Gospel truth is allowed to be spoken. We doubt not the book will be in great demand, as there are at present very few good anti-slavery works in existence adapted to children. A life-like likeness of Aunt Sally, her son, who was instrumental in redeeming her from slavery, and several others, all taken from daguerreotypes, will appear in the book. The little folks generally, who have read this story in *The Independent*, will all be glad of the opportunity to secure it in the new form, with a picture of the real face of Aunt Sally to look upon.—*Independent.*

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The programme for the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable has been arranged. The 400 miles of cable ordered to replace the 384 which were lost last autumn off Valentia, have been completed; and it is intended, in order to make better provision for casualties, that an additional 300 miles shall be at once proceeded with. The Agamemnon and the Niagara are the vessels again to be employed in the attempt to lay the wire; and the operation will, this year, be commenced in the middle of June, in which month, it is said, there are some five or six consecutive days during which a gale in the Atlantic is seldom or never known to occur. The line will be joined and laid from the centre of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end of the cable to Ireland, and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America. As soon as the vessels have stowed away the cable, they will proceed to deep water to make experiments.

CONFESSING THE TRUTH.—*The Vicksburg Whig* (Miss.) publishes a letter from a pro-slavery man who was a member of the late Lecompton Constitutional Convention, yet who has recently returned to Mississippi. Being asked why he did so, he replies:

"My reason for leaving it is, I think, a good one. I cannot stay any longer. I have been, as every one must be, identified with politics. I, unfortunately for my future prospects in Kansas, have taken an active and rather prominent part. And now, to confess the truth and shame the devil, we, the Pro-Slavery men, cannot expect any mercy or any favours from the d—d Abolitionists; for, although we have been in a minority ever since I came to Kansas, we have denied this, to prevent discouraging emigration from the South, and have bullied and swindled them in our elections, until even I admit they have a right to feel outraged. To-day they outnumber us at least four or five to one. The disproportion is too great for us to fight any longer—the more so from the fact that the ensuing spring's emigration will swell their majority to probably eight or ten to one; for our men are leaving daily and theirs are pouring in."

INTERESTING TO SLAVEHOLDERS.—We mentioned yesterday the conviction of a white man for the murder of a slave, which took place recently in Georgia. Another case has just transpired in Vicksburg, Mississippi. A man named Davenport, charged with killing a slave, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to seventeen years' hard labour in the penitentiary. The Vicksburg *Whig* says:

"This was a case of some importance to the slaveholders. The accused was an overseer, and pleaded in his defence that the slave was resisting his authority when he gave the blow causing death. We learn his Honour, Judge Yerger, at the instance of the State, charged the jury to the effect: That the slave, when his life was threatened or endangered by the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment, had the right to resist, even the master, and that his resistance under such circumstances would be no justification to the accused for killing him."

"A FIRST RATE BLACKSMITH FOR $2,000!"—A well-known manufacturer of this county called on one of his Southern customers to get pay for a debt which had been some time past due. The debtor, who makes and mends carriages in one of the Southern cities, was very sorry that he could not pay his debt, and excused himself by saying that he had come across a first-rate blacksmith for sale, and had to pay $2,000 for him, and that it had taken all his money to pay for him. He thought the price very high, but the fellow was a first-rate workman, and he could not get him for anything less.

What will our *Democratic* friends say to this? Do they think that our free mechanics are willing to have slavery extended over the future States of the Union, so that, if they or their children emigrate to such States, they must work by the side of black workmen, who are bought and sold like cattle? Of course they must work at the rate which it costs employers to buy their black mechanics—that is, at the interest on their cost and expense of keeping them; amounting in all to but little over $200 a year.—*New-Haven Journal and Courier.*

REVIVAL INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Boston *Bee*, writing about the revival at Providence, says: "At one of these prayer-meetings in a church in this city, whose summit is graced with a dome in imitation of St. Paul's in London, there arose a man, dressed poorly and with want depicted upon his 'aged countenance,' who, offering up a pure and holy prayer to his Creator, closed in the following strange manner: 'I have been afflicted with the curse of poverty since last fall. My poor wife and children have almost starved with hunger and perished with the cold; and for what reason? This, brethren: the men who have this morning exhorted you to come to your Saviour have failed to pay me for my labour in repairing their boots and shoes; and if this is religion, I'll have none of it.' It made a sensation in that audience. It was as if a sudden squall had struck them flat aback, and they going at the time with steering sails out on both sides. It took some little time ere the parson could brace the headyards forward; and the craft had made a long stern-way before she filled upon the port tack. In justice to the parson, I must say that he got his ship very cleverly out of irons, by saying 'that he hoped the admonition would cause those who had laid such stumbling blocks in their brother's way to remove them before the sun went down.'"

GOLD VERSUS COTTON.—The Senator from South Carolina very boastingly told us, a few days since, how much cotton the South had exported, and that "cotton was king." He did not tell us that the price of cotton fluctuated, and that the South was at the mercy of the manufacturers. Suppose, sir, the sixteen free States of the Union should see fit to enact a high protective tariff, for the purpose of giving employment to free labour, would cotton be king then? Why, sir, the single free State of California exports the product for which cotton is raised, to an amount of more than one-half the value of the whole exports of the cotton of the slave States. Cotton king! No, sir. Gold is king. I represent a State, sir, where labour is honourable; where the judge has left his bench, the lawyer and doctor their offices, and the clergyman his pulpit, for the purpose of delving in the earth; where no station is so high, and no position so great, that its occupant is not proud to boast that he has laboured with his hands. There is no State in the Union, no place on earth, where labour is so honoured and so well rewarded, no time and no place, since the Almighty doomed the sons of Adam to toil, where the curse, if it be a curse, rests so lightly as now on the people of California.—*Speech of Senator Brodrick.*

ANTI-LECOMPTON SPIRITUALISM.—*Washington, April* 9.—At a small social gathering in this city, on Wednesday evening of this week, a proposition was made to one or two persons of high respectability present, who were known to be spiritual mediums, to produce some manifestations. Among the persons composing the small party were two distinguished Southern Lecomptonites, slaveholders, one of whom has recently occupied a very large share of public attention. A circle was formed and the application of hands to the table very soon produced a spirit. Upon inquiry it was announced, through the medium, that this visitor from the spirit land was no other than Colonel Richard M. Johnson! He made known his wishes to one of the distinguished gentlemen alluded to in the following brief and lucid announcement:

"Tell Crittenden that the doctrine which he has announced in the Senate, and embodied in his amendment to the Kansas bill, will be hailed by the people of Kansas as the principles of popular liberty, and will become the rallying ground for the construction of a great national party, which will take possession of the government within three years."

The Lecomptonite thus addressed, though prejudiced against spiritualism, confesses that there appeared to him to be no humbug about the manifestation, and that it made a deep impression upon his mind.—*Cor. Evening Post.*

THE REASON OF VIOLENCE IN WASHINGTON.—In the recent discussion in the Senate on the Police bill for Washington, Mr. Fessenden thus alluded to one of the influences at the national capital which impair the security of life:

"There is one thing more, which, perhaps, it does not become me to say, but which I will venture to suggest. In my judgment, much of the difficulty is owing to the very bad example which has been set in very high quarters. If it had been the case that assaults committed by men of position and standing in this city had been noticed as they should have been, instead of being approved and defended as they were, I believe we should hardly have had the state of things which we are now witnessing in this city. I have no belief that the poor, the ignorant, the uneducated, and the vicious, have any very great hesitation about following examples that are set them by the educated, and people holding position, both in the perpetration of acts of violence and defending acts of violence."

He was followed by Mr. Wilson, who touched the same point, as follows:

"The Senator from Maine (Mr. Fessenden) has made a suggestion here, this morning, which I thank him for making. I believe we are having now in Washington the fruits, the legitimate fruits, of the conduct of Judge Crawford of this city, two years ago. I refer to his action in regard to what trans pired in this body, and in regard to the murder of a man in this city by a member of the House of Representatives. I do not believe that officer is fit for the place he occupies; and I do not believe that we shall have a proper enforcement of the laws, that we shall have order, security of property and of life, while that man occupies the place he now fills."

SOUTHERN LABOUR.—Richmond has in the neighbourhood of eighty manufactories of tobacco. An idea of one establishment will give a correct view of either of the whole. In one establishment, the inside of which was courteously opened to inspection, I saw much that was instructive. In the fourth story, the process of sweetening and drying was prosecuted. In the third, the drying process was in operation also. In the second, some fifty men were at work, eight at an upright work bench, four on one side opening the leaves, and each workman passing them to a person in front of him, who puts them in *rolls* of eight or ten to a pound, to suit the fancy of purchasers, the *roller* having scales before him, so as to give to each roll the same weight. Eight benches were thus occupied by forty-eight in all. All the blacks in the establishment, except one, were members of the Southern institution, being slaves! One was a peculiar institution of yours—a free black.

# Miscellaneous Department.

## A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

For The Standard.

Once upon a time there was an Old Lady. Not so very old, neither, as age was reckoned among women of her rank and fashion; but she certainly was very much of a lady, and it flattered her to be called old.

She had a very large family of children, to whom she made an exemplary mother; and even in the difficult and delicate relation of mother-in-law, she never was found wanting; for when any of her sons died, she uniformly made it a rule to watch over their wives' and children's interests as her own.

This obliged her to keep a great deal more help than would otherwise have been wanted, but she never grudged the expense, and always provided a separate room for them and the person she entrusted with the care of them. She always saw to it that this person should be of the highest character, and quite fit, as to morals and manners, to sit at the table with them. She was an active housekeeper, and did not mind changing her help once a year, if necessary, or when they did not suit her; but she felt it important to keep the same steady elderly person for the children, as the only really safe and respectable way of going on. She needed and always would have a careful, gray-headed, lady-like body, who should be as much a part of the family as herself. She made it quite a rule of the household that such a one ought to live and die in it; and she always provided so carefully for the comfort and consideration of this important part of the help that they generally did so. She exacted that their authority should be obeyed as her own, and their seat in the children's room looked upon with as much respect as her own rocking-chair in the parlour; and she made the whole family call them Miss, instead of plain Nabby or Sally, as the case might happen to be.

At one time it happened to be Miss Judy; and so all the family were trained to call her. Miss Judy was cousin to a rather overbearing member, who, indeed, got her the place. This lady was commonly called, in the family, the Widow Boss; because, in the first place, it was thought, of the airs she gave herself, as if she was master and more.

One day, just when Miss Judy was most wanted at home, in her narrow straight-up-and-down arm-chair, to keep order among the children, and help their poor worn-out mothers, she was nowhere to be found. Search was made, and soon terrible screams were heard, which made the Old Lady's blood run cold. All the family ran out of the front door and followed the sound. It took them clear across the road, and, all in a crowd together, they almost filled it up, and into the front yard of the opposite neighbour, where the screams came from. All ran as fast as they could, to see if they could do any good; for the Old Lady was not only kind to her help, but always set them the good example of being kind to everybody else, and never let a fellow-creature suffer.

So they all made what haste they could, and, looking through the blinds, they saw Miss Judy helping the folks there to tie up, neck and heels, a good-looking man of the neighbourhood. "He shall go back where he belongs!" bawled the neighbour, who was anything but a good neighbour, and had always made the Old Lady a great deal of trouble, in a variety of ways, that need not be told now. She did not like his ways, but she bore with him because their grandfathers had been friends, and he was a distant relation. Her help knew much more about him than she did.

"The brute shall go back where he belongs!" said he, giving the man another kick. "So he shall," said Miss Judy. A number of the Old Lady's folks said he did not belong back there at all. They had seen and known him a long time. But Miss Judy would not hear a word of it.

The Old Lady's blood now made up for the chill it underwent at first. It fairly boiled in her veins; and she called to Miss Judy through the window to "come home! right away—short metre!"

But Miss Judy would not; and finished helping the neighbour to get the poor creature into the wagon; which was not an easy job to do, with the Old Lady's folks all crying and taking on. They would have hindered it, only Miss Judy told them it was none of their business, and that *she* had agreed to do it. The Old Lady's folks could see that the neighbour's folks had guns in the room over head, and Miss Judy said she should not blame them, do what they might, in case of a difficulty; and the Widow Boss kept encouraging Miss Judy; saying, so that everybody could hear, that it must be done, for it was in the nature and constitution of the folks opposite to put things through in just this way, and nobody ever denied it. They were proper nice folks, she said, and much more genteel than the Old Lady's folks; and living as they did in this stylish way, never wetting their fingers, but keeping their help tied in the kitchen, the garden, about house and where not, to do every nameable chore for them, and with the work so well laid out as it always was here, victuals and clothes for it was quite enough.

"Nothing a day and found! It's a shame!" said the Old Lady, "and I don't wonder they run away every chance they can get. I've always said so." She said, too, that she could guess, by what she had just seen, *how* they were found; and she was glad, for her part, that all this should be *found out*.

"What business had the Old Lady with that?" said the Widow Boss.

This gave Miss Judy fresh courage, and she stayed and helped the neighbour clear up and put to rights a little; for she saw, she told them, how much they needed a little New England help to keep a little order for them, for their own help were so stupid, so wasteful, so lazy, that they were not worth what victuals and clothes they had. Good feeling and good old neighbourly ways combined, she told them, to make her feel it a paramount duty and a truly conscientious obligation to help when they needed it. They might send for her at any time. The Old Lady must not complain. Some of her kitchen folks had always done as much; and if she did not know it before, she knew it now.

But complaining was the last thing the Old Lady thought of. She was in a state to have cuffed Miss Judy's ears, if it had been manners to do such a thing. She was speechless at the unexpected sight of Miss Judy on her knees over there, scouring the mud and all off the floor, so polite—and then the unfeeling impudence of the Widow Boss!

"I shall settle it all my own way," she said at length, when she found her voice. "They say I've but a feeble constitution, when it comes to such shocks as these; but I guess I am strong enough to put a stop to such shames whenever I see them going on upon *my* land. And I know all this *is* my land, chock up to the front door. She sha'n't be gone all day when she's most wanted, and come back all bloody and dirty, to scare the children half to death, just as they ought to be set down quietly to their supper and put to bed. The two things don't cohere. They are—they are"—the dear Old Lady felt the importance of her resolution so much that she hit upon the longest word she ever had used in her life—"they are in-com-pati-ble. They can't be done together. I will not suffer it. I will never go through again what I have been through to-day. And Miss Judy may make up her mind to that."

So she ran home to give Miss Judy warning, and pinned it up over the front parlour mantle-tree, which was a great comfort to almost everybody, especially to the children. For they screamed murder every time Miss Judy did one of those jobs, and said they never could get over it.

But the Widow Boss and Miss Judy had both, as it now began to appear, for a long time and unbeknown to the Old Lady, been having all sorts of dealings but creditable ones with the folks over the way, and had done a good deal of their dirtiest work for them, which they were well paid for. In short, their interests had become much as one, and the only wonder was that the Old Lady's family had n't found it out sooner. But Miss Judy and her cousin found they were not so well looked upon as it became known, and so they began to charge the dear Old Lady with cruelty, for not letting them send off a poor bleeding fellow-creature quietly. It was unkind of *her* to hinder *them* from being neighbourly; and not only that, but very unjustifiable and uncalled for, no matter how you looked at it. The family record in the great Bible would show what the understanding had always been about these matters. The Widow Boss went round everywhere, saying that if you wanted kindness, you would not need to go any further than Miss Judy. *She* really *was* kind. The Widow Boss never expected to see so kind a creature as Miss Judy again. The children never would respect anybody again, if Miss Judy should be sent off.

But the dear Old Lady remembered a time before the family Bible was bought, or any deeds or agreements made. She wished to do what was right about it, but she was one of those people who think what is going to be done to-morrow much more likely to be right than what was done yesterday. "Where the records are so tattered that they can't be made out," says she, "I shall call the family together and leave it to them; and I know if our good old parents, dead and gone, could see us, they would be glad we should do as much better than they did as possible. We ought to—having had better learning. I know there was an understanding about helping them over at the other house, and I am willing to, as far as consistent; but not to do anything wicked."

"Now, as to Miss Judy, I don't want to send her off if I can help it," said the Old Lady, "but she shall not sit at my table, with my children, in my house, after such a thing as this, unless I see signs of reformation, and get a promise of her never to do so again. Talk about what my children are going to respect! They'll respect what is respectable, I should think. When I allow anybody that I get here to be an example to them to act in this way, I make my children welcome to despise me! Suppose she *should* stay? could I make the children respect her, I should like to know? I put it to anybody!"

The Widow Boss still grumbled and muttered, and put Miss Judy up to try to serve two masters in the matter; and finally as good as told the Old Lady, in a very insulting way, that she was n't head in her own house. The folks at *t' other* house had the say about it. Miss Judy to be turned off, indeed!—the Old Lady could n't do it.

"Can't I?" said the Old Lady, rising, in her grand old New England way—"I guess you'll see me do it!" and she opened the door, and called to the head man who worked on the place and said, "Gardener! *Remove* Miss Judy at once!" But the Widow Boss whispered to him, and put something into his hand, and he stood stock still, though she spoke repeatedly.

"I'll have a man that *will* do it, or I know the reason why!" said the Old Lady to herself, very softly.

She had a good many smart men on the place, and there was no difficulty about it. Her son, the lawyer, who was a very smart man, indeed, stepped forward like lightning: so quick that, as this was winter time, they thought he might slide. But he gave his mother to understand that it was nothing to him what slid or what did n't. *He* was shod for the occasion. All *he* wanted was to know what *she* wanted, like a dutiful son as he was; and so the deed was done.

Miss Judy wrote a long letter, next day, to the Widow Boss's children, telling them over again about the old agreements with the neighbours, and all that; from which *she* judged you might infer clearly, as many of you as wanted to, that any nursery governess whatsoever (Miss Judy loved old country phrases) might let herself out to a more genteel family, at $5 or $10 a time, to whip the help or anything in that way that was needed of her, and keep her first place all the same (not that *she* ever would take anything for doing it; she helped the neighbours' folks do it for pure love of the work). And all this being so, the Old Lady's warning over the mantel-piece, she argued, was of no use whatever; and that was the reason she would not quit when she was first told to go. She was not going to make such a Judy of herself—not in that way, at least.

By this time they that the letter was addressed to began to see there was no need of pains about that, any way, seeing what nature had done for Miss Judy.

But that was not all. Miss Judy expressed herself quite plainly as to the Old Lady's style of speaking. This did not tell at all with the Widow Boss's children; for the Old Lady, though she had that decent pride that is to be commended, in everything that she did that was right, never pretended to be much of a talker, and was always modest about giving her orders, and everyone had always observed it, not to say taken advantage of it. So Miss Judy came to particulars, and said the Old Lady had made use of a very unsuitable word—one no head of a family should ever pronounce—"Incompatibility." It was not in the old papers in the family Bible. Whatever the Old Lady might say, Miss Judy held that she must not say that.

Even the Widow Boss, friend as she had been to her cousin Judy, having first got her the place, and expecting to have seen her die in it, turned quite red in the face at this; for she could not but remember the state they all had seen Miss Judy in, her hands all dirty and her clothes all covered with blood, a sight to behold, every time she came back from these jobs at t' other house. And now that Miss Judy was gone, Mrs. Boss began to see where it was that the children had got so many vulgar ways and notions, and little low-lived tricks, that made them quite noticeable among the rest of the family; and the quicker they were broke of them the better, she began to think; for never were a nicer set of children, before Miss Judy let them play so much with the children across the way.

Evil communications do, certainly, corrupt good manners, thought Mrs. Boss. There's nothing without a cause. And how came the Old Lady to hit upon such a word as "incompatible"? Why, it was the fright the children were in, and the house all up in arms, when they saw Miss Judy doing *that*, which put it into her head. No—Mrs. Boss saw that it was not the *word* that made the difficulty, but the reason of it. And deluded as she had been of late years, Mrs. Boss could remember the time, before she cottoned so much to the folks across the way, when she used to look right into things, and knew for herself, without any such Judys to tell her, exactly how far calling the tail a leg would make it so; and whether if you should say skunk-weed was penny-royal, it would make any difference to the smell; and what distance it was from *here* to *yonder*; and whether there could be two mountains without a valley between, and other difficult law points; and whether you could hit upon any form of words by which to put two incompatibilities together; and if you could, whether they would stay put; and the like.

Mrs. Boss now began to see, as plainly as everybody else did, now that the Old Lady would not suffer with it any longer, that you could not be cutting the children's bread and butter at home, while on your knees cleaning up at the other house, after one of their dirty jobs.

Miss Judy, in her letter, rested a good deal upon what the old head-gardener had or had not done, and the precious few of her own special cronies, at the time she first had warning. She thought they and they only, "jointly and generally," were qualified to speculate on these things. But she did not mention the fact that the Old Lady had cleared the house of them on account of such speculations.

It seemed, too, as if Miss Judy felt hurt not to have been turned off with more odium, so that she might have found more to say against the Old Lady. As if it was not enough that the Old Lady thought it a duty to the children, and was determined to be head of her own household, in spite of the folks across the way! But it was altogether likely that if the Old Lady had spoken sharper to her, she really would have had a better chance of a place, with higher wages, across the way.

Before closing her letter, Miss Judy expressed great feeling towards the family. For in case they should ever give a great party, and she not there to settle the little differences of the children and whip the help opposite (which would be a safeguard), she would not undertake to say what might not happen, especially to the head man. She felt bound to say that, in *her* judgment, the Old Lady had n't in such matters an atom of sense, and ought to have taken advice of them that had.

One good thing Miss Judy did say in ending off, and it was this: that people must always decide for themselves, as she did. But it was thought that her decisions did not say much in favour of the practice.

She ended with the old story, that the children never would respect anybody after this; mentioned her great chair in the children's parlour, and said that whoever would look, now that she was gone, might, as likely as not, see it turned up-side down in the middle of the room; and then, ten to one, the children would be all jumping upon it in turn, till it would joggle and lean all ways and never stand square on four legs again.

But Miss Judy put her letter into the papers, so that anybody that wanted to see it could; and this tale is to be continued hereafter.

## TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed: "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favour dropped the rain;
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured: "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

"Beware!" I said, "in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee:
Who touches pitch, defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence,
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they know;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them, sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in weary quest
Old pages, where (God give them rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed: "Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise!

"A bodiless Divirity,
The still, small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul—and the Three are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast,
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

—*National Era.* J. G. W.

## THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

[A synopsis of a paper read before the New York Historical Society, by George Bancroft.]

Mr. Bancroft began by asserting and tracing the continuity of perceptions and powers which, in the action of *the people* of America, and through the inspiration which came from the masses, led to the struggle for American Independence, inaugurated by the battle of Lexington. The details of that battle, as given by the lecturer, constitute, in the main, one of the chapters of his new volume of the History of the United States.

On the afternoon, he said, of the 18th of April, 1775, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut.-Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, despatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals; and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighbouring towns, as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well-mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of 12 and 1, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting-house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence, with arms, proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute-men spread the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How wives, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands; how the countrymen, forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counsellors, took instant counsel of their courage. The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm-houses, and as it were from the very ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bayonets."

At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only but with the old men also, who were exempt, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their liberties! How often on that village green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of freedom! There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspicious of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, bearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and, when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse!" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire." The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitive or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzy, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, the same who, in 1758, had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavouring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the time; the blue-bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of a moment; their action was the slowly-ripened fruit of Providence and of time. The light that led them on was combined of rays from the whole history of the race; from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome; from the example of Him who laid down his life on the cross for the life of humanity; from the religious creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth, as in a life-boat, floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the middle ages; from the customs of the Germans transmitted out of their forests to the councils of Saxon England; from the burning faith and courage of Martin Luther; from trust in the inevitable universality of God's sovereignty by Paul of Tarsus, and Augustine, through Calvin and the divines of New England; from the avenging fierceness of the Puritans, who dashed down the mitre on the ruins of the throne; from the bold dissent and creative self-assertion of the earliest emigrants to Massachusetts; from the statesmen who made, and the philosophers who expounded, the revolution of England; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century; from the cloud of witnesses of all the ages to the reality and the rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of a past eternity to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners, and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, "Oh! what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

## FAIR PLAY FOR WOMAN.

Last evening (8th April) the second of the course of lectures in aid of the "Shirtmakers' and Seamstresses' Union" was delivered by Geo W. Curtis, Esq., before a large and intelligent audience. Mr. Curtis chose for his subject, "Fair Play for Woman." He began by congratulating himself that, on the theme he had chosen, there was no lyceum, no church, no party, not even a committee, to be compromised by any plain speaking. This, though a new subject, had already a literature of its own. It already counted a brilliant list of advocates; and many views which might seem novel, or, at least unusual to his audience, were as familiar to those who had seriously thought of the question as "the flowers of May"; and when we saw that something ought to be done and that something might be done, we would soon enough begin to consider how it should be done. Just in the degree that the world advanced, every question of right and responsibility in human relations was sure to come to the most certain discussion. It did no good to lose our tempers and call bad names. We might indeed suppress debate, when the subject was but an infant, by laughing merely; but when the poor little baby of a question that we laughed at had grown to be a vigorous problem, determined to be resolved, without the slightest respect for bugaboo, and quite able to endure being called vulgar and atheistic, and all the other cries of mad-dog, and when it became strong enough to hold our fists and pummel us with its own, we would very soon have to come to terms, or be reduced to an intellectual and moral jelly (laughter). So, in our day, the Woman's question was coming to be quite robust. It might be an infant still, but it is a very noisy infant, and certainly was doing quite as well as could be expected. The question whether women have the same fair play for their faculties in the world that men have for theirs had become an absorbing and all-important query indeed, and was not likely to be extinguished with a sneer or put off with sops and sugar much longer. The question was not whether women were men, or whether there were differences of duties arising from difference of sex. In a general and poetic way, man might be called the head, and woman the heart; man the intellectual and directing force, woman the receptive and modifying force. It was an instinctive requirement that every woman should be essentially womanly—though womanly could not be defined—as that every man should be truly manly. The sexes had domestic relations in common, but each had duties and claims beyond the kitchen and the nursery. But notwithstanding this, the inferior position of woman in human society was apparent equally in the history of savage and of civilized nations. Among primitive nations, woman belonged to the man who seized her first; and the earlier books of the Old Testament showed how she was regarded by the Hebrews, who were polygamists, and among whom she was kept and sold like slaves. St. Paul was always a Jew in regard to woman, and many of the early Christian Fathers were positive pagans in their notions as to her duties and position. [Here the lecturer discussed the position of woman under the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Romans, among the Oriental nations and the Northern races, tracing her social progress through the chivalric and Elizabethan ages, down to more recent times.] In the history of literature, as showing the history of woman, he knew nothing more touching or beautiful than the words that well out of all the filth of the seventeenth century, written by a London hosier, Defoe, who proposed, in his essay on "Projects," the plan of a college for woman, and declared, in a strain of simple, poetic, manly respect, unequalled since Shakspeare, but still indicative of the general feeling of his day: "I cannot think that God made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only safeguards of the house, drudges and slaves. A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with all the additional accompaniments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments. She is all softness and sweetness, love and delight." In the eighteenth century, women were the toasts of convivial hours, the toys of passionate moments, the puppets of a court, the slaves of parents and of brothers, the drudges of the household and of the field. In England, a Judge gravely held, from under his horse-hair wig, that a man might beat his wife with a stick as large as his thumb, and the women immediately petitioned him to know the size of the judicial thumb. But if it had not been larger than his wit or his heart, a cord of such sticks would not have made the size of his little finger.

The whole theory of modern society was that of the Cochin China proverb, that women's hearts bear a good deal of breaking, and Goody Barlowe, towards the end of the last century, expressed the common opinion of what was called and is called the sphere of woman, when she simpered, in her languid verses on flowers,

"Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart;
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

This was precisely the sentiment urged by every slave-merchant on every Circassian girl that he brought to the market at Constantinople, and precisely the same lesson was inculcated by scheming mamas in Paris, London and New York.

Mr. Curtis proceeded to vindicate the right and capacity of women to take rank with men in the studio, the school-room, the study, the lecture-room—in all departments of intellectual activity, and all efforts for the social amelioration of both sexes, and concluded by ably and eloquently urging her claims to the right of suffrage, and answering all objections thereto. He was enthusiastically applauded throughout.

## HYMN OF DEDICATION.*

BY REV. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To Light that shines in stars and souls,
To Law that rounds the world with calm,
To Love whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,
We wed these walls, with unseen bands,
In holier shrines, not made with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
Hallowed this hour with vows sincere
To serve To-day's all-pressing need,
And build, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led,
Here living streams in fulness flow,
And every hungering soul be fed
That yearns th' Eternal will to know;
Here Conscience hurl her stern reply
To Mammon's lust and Slavery's lie.

Speak, Living God, Thy full command,
Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour;
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

*Sung at the Dedication of the Chapel lately erected for the congregation of the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Brooklyn.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Behold a knot of Roman soldiers surrounding a young man whom they have nailed to a cross. His head has fallen to one side—he is just dead. It is eighteen hundred and twenty-one years ago, last Thursday. A wealthy, educated-looking priest stands by, very joyful, and I ask him, "Who is this man?" And he answers, "O, he is a miserable fellow from Nazareth in Galilee. His name was Jesus. Don't you see it up there?" "Why did you kill him? Was he a murderer?" "A murderer! Murder was nothing to his crime." "Was he a kidnapper? A deceitful politician, who got office and abused it for the people's harm! Or a hypocritical priest, who thought one thing in his study, and proclaimed just the opposite in the temple?" "O no! He was an infidel. He said religion was nothing but piety and morality; or, as he called it, loving God and your neighbour as yourselves. He said man was greater than the Sabbath, more than this temple, and that Religion would save a man, without burning the blood of goats, and bulls, and oxen. Besides, he spoke against the priesthood—against us, and said we would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when we had done it, we had made him twice as much a child of hell as ourselves." "Was there no other way to deal with such a man?" asks the visitor. "We tried to argue him down, but it was of no use. He beat us in every argument before the accursed people, who know not the law; and the more we abused him, the more would the silly people flock after him, revere him, and love him. Why, he said we were graves, that appear not, and men stumble into them; that we devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. There was no answering such things; so we scourged him half to death with rods, and then nailed him up there. We have fixed him now!" "How did he live?" "Like the infidel he was; trusting in his own goodness and piety for salvation. He tried to teach the people to trust in their piety and in their works. He told a most absurd story about that poor fool who fell among thieves, going from Jerusalem to Jericho; and then said that one of the priests went by—it was me he meant—and passed him on the other side. But I was in a great hurry. I had to be in Jerusalem to attend a prayer meeting, and I could not attend to the man. Then he told a story of an old fellow, who kept a tavern at Samaria—nobody ever heard of him before—jogging along on his donkey, who saw the poor fellow, and turned in there (he had nothing else to do), set him on his own beast, and took care of him. He represented that as a good act, which was pleasing to Almighty God. Then he told a story of the last judgment, that God would take into heaven those who had been kind to poor fellows on earth, and would send the other way those who had trusted in sacrifices, prayers and the like. But he was a miserable fellow. He would have ruined the nation. Why, he told men to forgive their enemies, and to love those who hate them. It was contrary to the sacred books. Moses never did so, nor Joshua, nor Samuel, nor David. There was no such thing in all the volumes of our law." "How did he die?" "Die? He died like a dog. No whine from him. Not a word of penitence; not a tear; no confession that he was an infidel. Why, almost his last words were a miserable blaspheming prayer against us—'Father, forgive them (he meant us), for they know not what they do.' Why, to crucify such a man was an act of Religion. Look here!" And then he lifts up his garments, and on his phylactery (a piece of parchment) he has got the whole thirteenth chapter of the book of Deuteronomy written out. "Don't you see, it commands us to treat such a man just so! Glory to God!"
—*Theo. Parker's Sermon: "A False and True Revival."*

## THE HINDOOS.

When asked by Mohammedans or Christians to change their religion, they freely admit that other men's religions are best for them; they only claim that Hindooism is best for Hindoos. To put off their religion and put on that of the Christians seems to them as absurd as it would be to put off their light and graceful cotton garments, so well suited to the climate, and to put on swallow-tail coats and stove-pipe hats; and nearly as impossible as to change their bronze and black complexions, which wear so well, even into old age, for the marble faces of Europeans, which are only good while youth and health remain. As well renounce themselves as their religion, which enters into their laws, manners, literature—constitutes their nationality, their civilization—forms the groundwork of all their self-respect.

One day, after a noisy and idolatrous procession of the Hindoos had taken place, happening to meet a Brahmin whom we had often met for the purposes of business, we inquired of him why it was that his people worshipped idols. His reply would have done honour to Plato: "What you see is only the *outside* of our religion, the *costume*, the fashion of the common people. Men of sense everywhere, in all religions, worship the One God. Our outside ways and forms are strange to you, as yours are to us; but, underneath all this outside show and dress, we unite in the same substantial truth." But why allow these idols, and especially such coarse and foolish ones? "Children have dolls and toys to help out their thoughts, and so the common people must have their idols, often rude ones." Why do you not teach them better? "That is hard; take from them their idols, their outside forms and helps, and we take from them also the internal reality; we confuse their weak and ignorant minds. Ignorant and foolish people will and must have foolishness in their religion. In *your* country, have not the ignorant people foolish notions and ways in religion?" This home thrust was as unexpected as it was effective.

With his utmost tenacity of his right to be let alone in his religion, the Hindoo never assumes that the religions of other men are bad and false. He believes that to *them* their religions are true and sacred, as his is to him. He is educated to hold firmly his own religion, and to respect the consciences, feelings, prejudices of others. We are educated to believe that we have in our religion a monopoly of all religious truth and merits; that other religions are false and wicked; that it is one of our solemn duties to invade the religions of others, to thrust faith upon them in all ways except that of force. It is not enough that we prefer Christianity above all other religions; we are called upon to *hate* other religions. Even from Unitarian writers, often charged with carrying their liberality to such an extreme as to evince indifference to all religion, we could made quotations, showing that they also might take lessons in liberality from the Hindoos. The example of the Hindoos proves that boundless liberality to other religions is entirely consistent with the most ardent, and even fanatical, attachment to one's own. The "greased cartridge" rebellion is of itself sufficient proof that the Hindoos are not chargeable with religious indifference. Neither need anybody be, though liberal and tolerant to the widest extent. Strange that we should be importing into New England facts and arguments from the antipodes to prove a point like this.—*Christian Examiner.*

The Spanish Government has presented to the Cortes a project for the abolition of slavery in the Colonies of Spain.

## UNLIMITED FREEDOM.

We do not believe that free inquiry is dangerous. We believe it to be the right, and the privilege, and duty of every man. Believing this, we put no limitation to it. We urge it; we have confidence in its safety; we are not afraid of its consequences. We place absolutely no limit to it, or bound; asking only that the spirit be sincere, and desiring that it be reverent, and not scoffing.

There is no consistent, half-way position, it seems to me, between the Roman Catholic doctrine of the absolute authority of the Church over the individual soul and the Transcendentalist doctrine of the absolute authority of the individual soul to itself. For one, I do not for a moment besitate which position to take. Better an out-law than not free; for only through freedom can the truth be reached. And truth is seen by any man only through his own convictions. What is in *these* is truth; what is in his memory is tradition. No error is fatal. The seeking soul never wanders hopelessly, never wanders alone. Made for truth, if it obeys its own law in freedom, it gravitates certainly toward the truth, even if slowly. And let us remember that the truth is always seeking us, as we seek the truth. Then down with the bars and the walls! off with the chains! proclaim liberty to all to think and to inquire. Esteem nothing so sacred, but this right is sacreder. Accept all the perils and pains of freedom in view of its overwhelming advantages and privileges. Bear gladly its cross and its reproach, nor fear the company into which it brings you, though they be very publicans and sinners in the eyes of all the Pharisaism of the land.

When Protestantism unmoored from the Established Church, it set itself upon a longer voyage than it dreamed; and that voyage is not yet ended, nor will it be while the world lasts. Lovest thou not the rocking and darting of the ship, the keen freshness of the air,